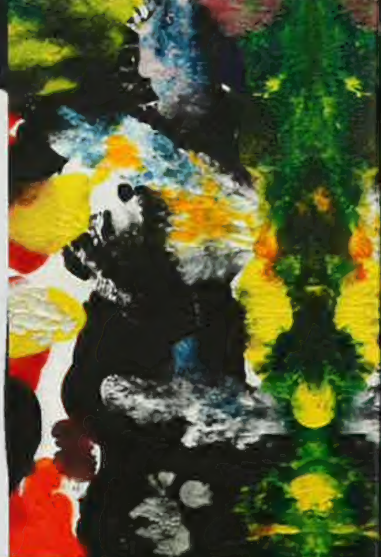




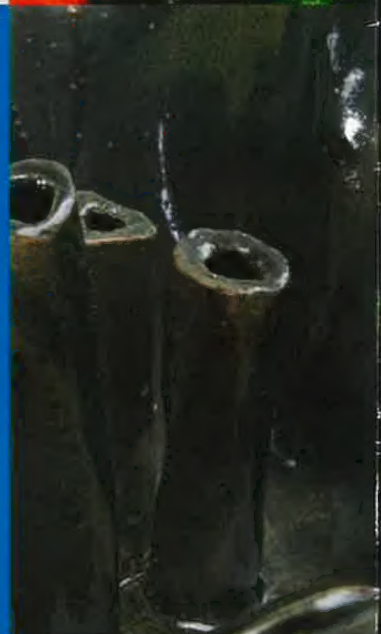
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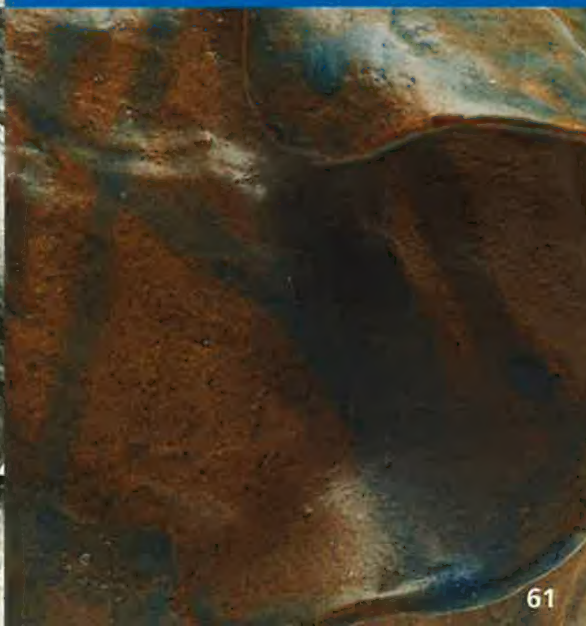
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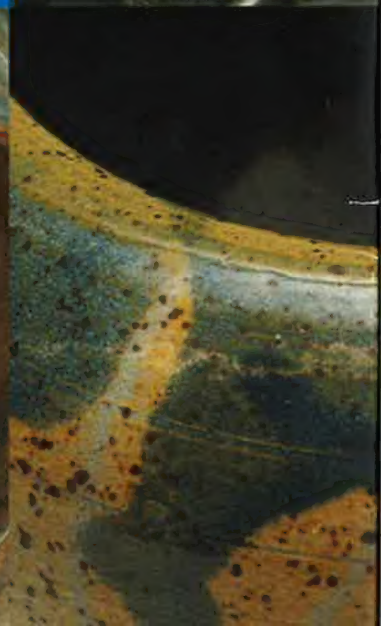
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Curry College's Journal
of Writing and Art since 1973



Joanne Mylett, *"Waves of Sand,"* Glazed Stoneware

Curry **Arts** Journal **2012**

Editorial Staff: Maria Lynch, Christine Mione, Danielle Roy

Layout/Production Designers: Ashley Buckley, Samantha Carr

Faculty Advisor and Editor: Karen D'Amato

Design Faculty Advisor: Heather Shaw

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Emma Siewert, "Untitled," Digital Print

Dear Readers,

We hope you enjoy *Curry Arts Journal 2012*! Although each edition is special to the artists, writers, and editors who contribute to its pages, this year's journal is particularly unique in its move toward a more creative design to showcase the work of the many talented students at Curry College. As we complete our thirty-ninth year as the *Curry Arts Journal*, we look forward to celebrating our fortieth anniversary in 2013 with a limited print edition and an increased on-line presence. We will keep you posted and thank you in advance for your readership, support, and participation in our fortieth anniversary events.

To everyone who submitted work for the 2012 edition, we want you to know that your creations were all appreciated and enjoyed. If your piece did not get chosen, we hope you will try again. Your skills are needed and welcomed to enhance the quality of *Curry Arts Journal 2013*. For the next edition, we encourage all Curry students to submit literary and visual artwork on any and all subjects. Submitting a piece is a great learning experience and having it published is a significant recognition and achievement. Additionally, we call on faculty members to encourage students to submit their work and also spend a semester or two as a *Curry Arts Journal* editor. Students need to know this is a great opportunity, especially if they are unsure of future career plans. Who knows? Their work on the *Curry Arts Journal* may unearth a hidden talent or a love for the arts that they never realized they had.

As editors, we were fortunate to experience different genres and media through a perspective that not only influenced our own writing and artwork but also strengthened our ideas on art and culture. As we critiqued submissions in our editorial group, we asked ourselves these questions: What makes art good? What makes these pieces transcend self-expression and become something nourishing and inspirational? In setting our task to high standards, we have gained a newfound respect for those who passionately work day in and day out to produce works of such meaning and value.

In overseeing submissions, holding workshops and events for writers, and selecting pieces for publication, we have acquired experience through practice and expanded our skills in critiquing, editing, design, layout, publicity, and events planning. As a student-based publication, we hope to increase the size of our team and make the *Curry Arts Journal* more successful each year. As a result of our reader's suggestions and our editing team meetings, several changes in the arts journal's presentation have been introduced in recent years. For this and future editions, we will continue to enhance our campus-wide presence through use of our facebook page and media blasts to promote *Curry Arts Journal* events such our spring reading to honor the

hundredth anniversary of *Poetry Magazine* and our poetry table to celebrate the Academy of American Poets' Poem In Your Pocket Day. We will also continue to post a PDF file of the most recent edition on the Curry College website. (Go to the English Section and click on the *Curry Arts Journal* tab.)

Although a relatively small number of Curry students contribute to each year's edition, the arts journal belongs to all of us as proof of what committed students can accomplish with faculty mentorship and the support of the larger community. As in previous years, we have benefitted from collaborations with the Graphic Design Major, WMLN (91.5 FM), and *Amethyst*, the Curry College yearbook. This past spring marked our first engagement of a Graphic Design student to create colorful, professional posters for deadlines and events. In September, you will have the opportunity to hear readings from the 2012 edition broadcast live from the Student Involvement Fair and to see selected 2012 works featured in the yearbook. These are great way to celebrate each year's edition and extend the reach of Curry writers and artists. We heartily encourage other innovative suggestions for future collaborations as well as feedback on *Curry Arts Journal 2012* from you, our readers.

The *Curry Arts Journal* Editors

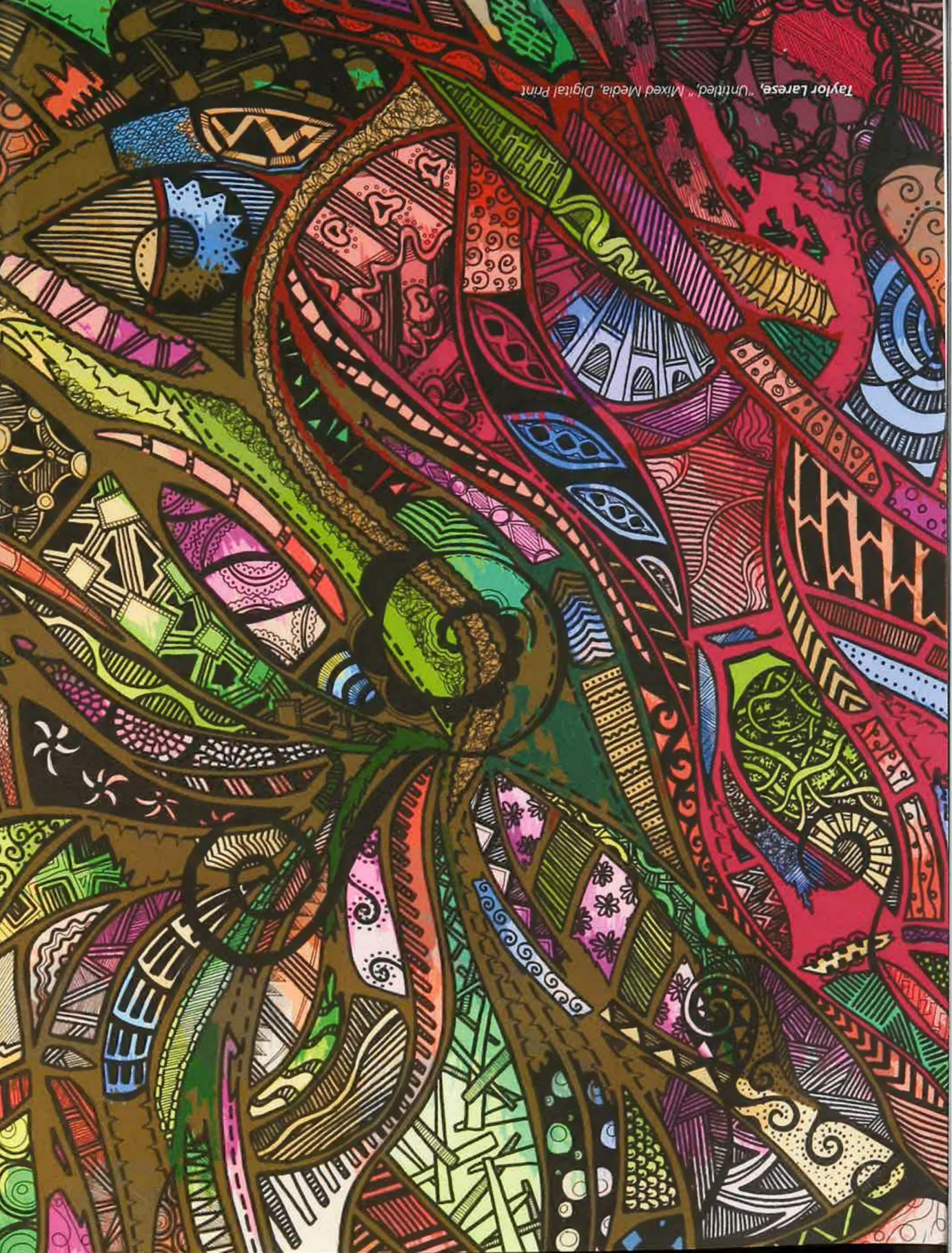
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Taylor Larese, "Untitled," Mixed Media, Digital Print



Five Wishes on a Shooting Star

by Dan Kessel

I wish I could sidestep time
halt the vicious serpent in its skin
its venomous silence boring holes through my
finely webbed roots of fleshy complication

I wish I could pause time
fall out of myself and drift unbound
freely falling outside of obligation
uncontrollably

I wish I could disappear
then reappear
with an infinite space to dwell
in-between

I wish that the heft of intention
could be seen in a gaze
ideas transferred by mere will
between scintillating minds

I wish that eternity could be controlled
within the blink of an eye
passing at the speed of a wish
enriching the light of the soul

Making an Introduction

by Christopher Dolan

"Hello, my name is Tony Jones, an undergraduate criminal justice major from Curry; I am here for the merchandise service execution position. You must be Pat Carling?"

Tony is a young man making his way through college, feeling the burden and pressure to get a jump on paying back his student loans. He is currently standing in front of the manager of a store at which he does not shop often, prepared to plead his case as the best candidate for the position.

"Interesting, your resume says you have worked at MacDonald's, currently work part-time as a tutor, and have community service experience. How can you apply your abilities here?"

Pat is your average store manager who has worked years in the industry and knows what she is looking for in an employee.

"I believe to sell an item you have to know about it. You have to be able to explain its benefits and answer any questions the customer may have. I am willing to learn everything that needs to be known about the women's underwear in this store to ensure that customers get not only what they want, but what works best for them."

Very commonly in interviews, we find ourselves answering questions even if we do not know the answers. These answers we construct sound good on the surface, and most managers accept them. However, regardless of how well a candidate interviews, in the

end the manager has to decide if the person behind the answers will hinder store operations or help them.

Since the start of the so-called "recession" in December of 2007, America has experienced a high level of unemployment (Isidore). Roughly 8.1% are still unemployed according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics ("Unemployment in the U.S"). This lack of jobs has caused many Americans to dive into welfare, social-security, and 401ks. Some have reached bankruptcy and face a life they had never imagined: living on the streets. Americans who can or cannot afford day-to-day living have always looked to higher education to better their way of life.

However, in this fight for a decent paycheck, Americans are struggling more than ever to meet the ever increasing price of tuition. Some students find their parents running out of money before they can even reach their second year of college. To combat this, students try to become employed full-time on top of school, in a job they do not particularly care for.

In pursuing these financial support structures, many students find that employers are not interested in hiring students because they are not available to work every day and may not have the proper skill sets for the job they are applying for. For students trying to get a jump on their careers, they will find that most internships do not pay and many high-end jobs will not even look at them without a college degree. So where does this leave a struggling individual?



Sara Leopold, "Red Suits," Monotype Polyester Plate Lithograph

"Hello, my name is Jule Harlington. I go to Massasoit Community college.... I used to go to Emerson in Boston, but I had to leave because my family couldn't afford it. So now I need a job."

Jule Harlington is a common example of a person who likes to tell her life story and mistakenly says too much at an interview. In contrast to Tony, Jule does not try to sell herself as a top candidate for the position, but rather invokes sympathy from the interviewer as a way to get hired. This calls for disaster.

"Well Jule, I know times are tough and I am sure things will turn around.... How do you qualify for this position?"

Regardless of what the store manager's name is this time, it is quite apparent that he is not interested in hearing a person cry her way into a job.

"Well, one time I worked on building a deck with my.... I have seen people use power tools."

If it is not obvious yet, Jule is applying for a hardware store position. Even though she may not be qualified for the position, she could try to approach the situation like Tony did. She could try to sell herself to the position by having confidence in her words and not letting her current difficulties hold her back. But is that all she would have to change?

"That's good, Jule. You will hear from us if we decide to accept you. Thank you for your time."

What do Tony and Jule lack?

In Tony's case, he lacks passion enough to find a job that can provide transferable skill sets for his career in criminal justice and tries to assume the abilities of someone he is not to get there. Although selling lingerie may allow Tony to talk to people and address their wants and needs, it won't really help him to figure out how to properly argue the innocence of a man wrongly accused of first degree murder.

In Jule's case, she lacks faith in herself to find a job to finance her education and this hampers her ability to search for a job more suited to her passions. She is probably only in an interview because someone told her to go to it or arranged it for her. She does not feel comfortable with herself and makes great strides to be someone she's not.

Coming back to reality, here is a look at another situation.

"Hello, my name is Robert Barber. You must be April Taylor. I am pleased to meet you."

Assuming Robert is a college student, how could he be any different from Tony or Jule?

"Hello Robert. I understand that you are applying for the teller position. You have read the job description and I have looked at your resume. How do you believe, with your current abilities, you can successfully fulfill this position?"

Any interview situation can be tough on a person because we are all naturally different and handle pressure differently. But in the end, we must understand that regardless of whether or not we get the job, we tried and learned from the experience. If you are acting and making choices, you are making some kind of progress. Right?

"Well, Ms. Taylor, I have a lot of experience with customers, managing my own finances, holding an account, working within a team, and have researched your company and its principles. Since 1876 Unicorn Bank has been focused on "financial fulfillment" for its customers. I believe in a similar philosophy as your company. Fulfilling the needs of others not only helps a company receive repeat customers, but it also fulfills the employee's desire for life fulfillment. Making a difference in another's life, no matter how small, can mean so much and really change someone's day. With this position, I will demonstrate my ability not only to meet the needs of customers, but to work together with my fellow employees to make sure the job is done properly and the customer comes back."

Notice that Robert not only said a lot, but stayed on point, had confidence in his words, and provided a very well-rounded answer. He did not mention the difficulties of his life or try to forge a reason to be hired. He only mentioned how he could relate to the company principles and how he could apply his current abilities to be a great employee of the company.

"Well, Mr. Barber, you may be hearing from us very soon. Thank you."

You would like to think that this situation is the answer to landing a job in a tough economy. But this is only another one of the many interview areas that can be addressed. There are many Roberts in the world that walk into interviews every day and get rejected. What is it then that the employer has to hear to hire you?

"Hello my name is John. Nice to meet you."

"Hey John, I understand you are interested in the assistant janitor position?"

"Yeah, here's my resume. I have a good deal of experience in all the areas listed in the job description.... Are those dog tags? I just finished my four years. My dad was in the 120th Airborne."

"Yeah, I was in Desert Storm. What was your dad's name?"

"Charlie Hopper."

"Hopper? No, doesn't ring a bell. Are you in college, John?"

"No, did you do college after you got out?"

"No, ha! I ended up working here!" They share a laugh.

This last situation brings us yet another realm of hiring that needs to be addressed. When conducting an interview, an employer is not only deciding who is the most qualified, self-fulfilled, and confident individual to work for their business; they are deciding who they would enjoy working with on a human level. They are looking for a candidate that will not only get the job done, but get along with everyone at the same time and provide a positive atmosphere.

In making an introduction, we assume a state of self. Whether that state of self is who we truly are or are not, it is what will influence the other's impression of us, especially if we only have a few minutes to meet them. Therefore, lying could be costly, if you actually manage to get hired.

Hopefully all these scenarios have inspired thought into the introductions we make during interviews. In an economy that requires companies to make sacrifices at a daily rate and for us to search for work in an increasingly competitive environment, we have to find what passion there is in ourselves and learn to think on an empathetic level with hiring managers. They are looking for someone who is able, **willing, qualified, confident, friendly, flexible, and punctual to work for them.** Even if you are not 100% in all these areas, you should still try and try again. In most interviews, you will not receive feedback. It is only through trial and error that you will develop your own approach. You will begin to feel confident about your method and you will find out which jobs best suit your passions. In the end, you will not only land a job, but you will find the right one to help you with your career choice. So get out there and make an introduction!

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Caitlin Luquet, "Caged," Acrylic, Pen and Ink

Away from this Place

by Corey J. Theodore

As I lay still in my cold bed and wait
for my mind to slip into that dreamy state
I sprint and dart as my mind runs amuck.
Insomnia does nothing better than suck.

I plead, I bargain, beg all ways I know how
to stop before I get there...not here, not now!
On into the dark part of my mind I slip,
stomach aching, head spinning—around it whips.

I collapse on my back, let out a deep sigh.
I must leave this place, must conjure a try.
It's no use, it won't work, it's already too late—
in my mind flows rage, most hateful of hate.

I must find hope, try my best to conceive
any shred of good, but there's no hope for reprieve.
I toss and turn, try to leave but I can't.
My mind's on a roll. There's no stopping this rant.



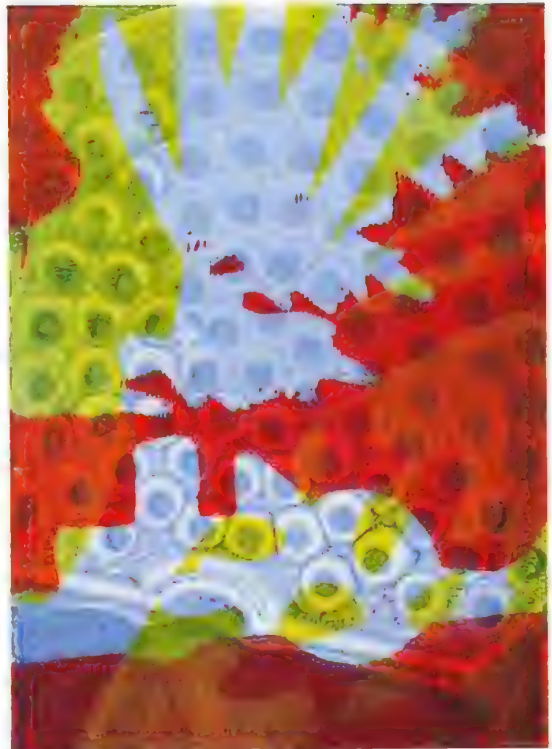
Katie Giffuni, "Untitled," Gelatin prints

My Beach House Escape

by Chelsie Boudreau

One place that I love and have many memories of is my beach house in Gloucester, Massachusetts. My family has had this beach house for three years, and I look forward to returning to it every summer. It is a small, two-level, gray house that has the frame of a triangle. It sits on the beach with a deck that leads you to the sand. On hot summer days, the sand heats up and is painful to walk on. I often find myself running from the house straight into the frigid water that instantly cools me off. I enjoy sitting on the sand in my recliner beach chair sipping a tall glass of lemonade while I read a book or magazine. I often doze off because the warm sun on my skin and the sounds of the waves crashing against the rocks put me to sleep. This is the only place that makes me feel calm. At night, I sleep with my windows open so I can hear the sounds of the waves and the seagulls singing me a lullaby.

My beach house has many distinct smells. The most overpowering smell is the salty, sticky air. I can taste the salt in the air and feel it on my skin. My hair often has a mind of its own from the humidity and salt water, but I don't mind. My favorite snack to have at the beach house is my mom's fruit salad. It is so refreshing to eat and keeps me hydrated under the sun's powerful rays. The juice from the grapes and watermelon is by far the best part of the fruit salad. Sometimes when there's a birthday or holiday cookout, my mom makes fruit pizza. This is my favorite dessert to have. She taught me how to make it this past summer and now I know her secret recipe. You start with a big cookie, then add cream cheese frosting, then top it off with fresh fruit and cut into pizza slices. This fruit pizza is so easy to make and reminds me of warm nights eating it on our deck.



Another smell that reminds me of the beach is barbeque. I come from a big family and we are always having cookouts with family, friends, and neighbors. We all gather on our deck that overlooks the ocean and eat ribs, burgers, hot dogs, and desserts (of course). When I look around at my friends eating, laughing, and playing, it makes me feel happy and at home. It gives me a sense of security. After we are all stuffed and can no longer move, we always end the night with a bonfire on the beach. This I always look forward to. I love sitting on a blanket, toes in the sand, looking up at the stars with the fire lighting up everyone's smiling faces as I look around.

In the mornings, I enjoy waking up to the sun blinding me, inviting me to go outside and join it. I often go running on the beach when I wake up. Running in the sand is one of the best feelings in the world. For one, it is better than running on pavement because your knees don't take such a pounding and, two, it cools you down with the refreshing air

the water gives off. When I go running, I am always greeted by other runners or dogs and dog walkers. It makes me feel good when someone gives me a friendly hello.

Returning to the beach house every year has been a privilege. I cherish every moment I'm there and always look forward to summertime.

The beach has taught me to listen to myself and my surroundings. It has also taught me to reflect about my life and relationships with others. To me, the true meaning of my beach house is family. My family and I treasure this house, and one day I hope that my sisters and I can all share it with our families. It is a place where all my family comes together to let loose and enjoy each other's company. My beach house holds my fondest memories of growing up. It is my get-away to escape my teen years and revisit my youth and innocence.

Candace Cobuzzi, "Untitled," colored pencil drawing





Richelle Miller, "Zebras," Print on canvas



Brian Gray, "Zig Zag," Glazed Stonewear

The Deadly Wheels

by Kaycee Wood

Eeeep. Eeeep. Eeeep. The warning bell sounded for students to move to first period. I said bye to everybody at my locker and went on my way to class. A slight drizzle hit the large windows facing out to the courtyard as I sauntered down the hall. It felt like a normal, regular day: I sat down in the classroom and got out what I needed from my bag; the clock ticked by and by. Soon it felt like first period was dragging and I was practically falling asleep. Through the boredom I began to notice a lot of people were missing from class and stragglers kept coming in one by one. The school started to feel uncomfortably quiet. At that time, in the middle of first period, I didn't bother to really think anything about the silence, but then there were ten minutes of class left and stragglers were still coming in. Some came in with their heads down watching their feet do the walking. And others came in extremely silent. I knew something was wrong.

The bell sounded once again, and people seemed to be moving more slowly and nobody talked to each other in the halls. As I walked down the crowded, back-to-back corridors, I saw pouting mouths, teary faces, and puffy eyes. Sneakily, I decided to take out my phone and start to text some friends to see if they knew what was going on. I opened my phone and saw I had a new message. I opened it. My heart started pounding like a drum going faster and faster as I read the words in front of me on that screen. "Someone got hit by a bus."

I didn't know who. I didn't know where or when. I didn't know anything. A teacher passed by me and saw my phone. Weirdly, he did not tell me to put it away or give it to him. I thought to myself, "Maybe he knows what is going on and doesn't mind about phones right now." This was all way too much. My head was spinning.

The details of second period are such a blur. I remember people started to talk. Nobody knew who it was yet and we all were worried there was a chance it was a person who should be occupying one of the few open desks in the classroom. Teachers didn't teach. Some were either too busy talking to students out in the hall, or they were on the phone with the front office taking attendance. The normal day was now turning into a whirl of confusion. The whole period, people just stressed and talked quietly amongst themselves.

Third period, Science. I would be there for a while since my advisory period was in the same room with the same teacher. Mr. Colvin came in and sat down shaking his head. I didn't know what to do or say. The usual happy and joking-around teacher was now at his desk looking so depressed. Once again no teaching, just talking during that whole period.

Buzz. Buzz. My phone went off and I took it out of my pocket as fast as I could. I had a text from an old friend, Ryan Safford. At the time, I had not talked to him for a while. He was from the other high school in my city, Warwick Veterans Memorial High. I felt



Laura Wilder, "Untitled," Digital Print

like I wanted to open the text, but at the same time I was worried to. When I did, the message read: "Kay, I don't know if you know, but it was some Kim girl... Pisaturo if that's how you spell it I think. My mom is a Warwick bus driver so she was first to know. Did you know her? I'm really sorry." My head dropped to the desk and everything around me was spinning. The noise in the room disappeared; my whole body went numb; the time of the world felt like it stopped. Kim Pisaturo, an old friend, a good friend all the way back to Kindergarten, was gone. Just like that.

I honestly couldn't breathe. I was in so much shock to see that name. I didn't care about the cell phone rule so I called my best friend, Jess. She answered so quietly with a quiver in her voice. All I

said was "Kim? Pisaturo?" She said, "Yes," and the bell rang.

In advisory, everyone knew the name by now and the school was a mess of emotion. Students were calling their parents to get support or arrange a ride home. This was just another heartbreak for all the "Patriots" of Pilgrim High School, reminding us of two years before when a senior had been killed by a drunk driver. Soon enough, as people settled into their rooms, the principal voiced this message over the intercom system: *Excuse this interruption, as all of you may now know, a fellow patriot, Kim Pisaturo has passed away early this morning walking to school. Teachers, please allow students to use their cell phones to call parents to check in and let them know they are okay. Once a Patriot,*

always a Patriot. Kim, may you rest in peace. Thank you. Mr. Colvin looked over at me and asked if I was okay and if I wanted to go out into the hall. I just shook my head and then rested it on the table as tears fell like a waterfall.

As my head became one with my arms crossed on the table, I started to remember Kim. I had memories of her first grade picture. She looked like a little baby still. I remembered the roaring noises she made during recess, pretending to be a lion. I remembered her fourth grade birthday party with the disco ball and strobe lights and everyone walking back and forth to make it look like slow motion.

As I sat there, frozen with emotions, I continued by noticing the changes Kim went through in the past couple years. Not everyone knew or noticed her. She was quiet, wore baggy clothing, and walked the halls with her head down. Some people had labeled her "weird," "different." That day, those people felt sorry or disappointed in themselves. I picked my head up and looked around still numb.

Parents started picking up their kids. Students' names were getting called for dismissal every minute. I wanted to go home. I needed to be with my parents at that moment. I wanted to be anywhere but school. I called my dad. He understood right away and was there to pick me up in the long line of cars five minutes later. I ran to the truck, tears streaming down my face. My dad wrapped me in his arms as I got in. It was a quiet ride home with the memories of that day spinning in my head.

At home for the night, I sat in shock, crying, sobbing, and thinking. I texted friends to talk about how we all were coping with the news. Watching the news on television was hard. That whole rest of the week was hard. The wake of Kim Pisaturo consisted of hundreds of students, family members and friends lined up and down the street. It was hours and hours long. Also, the funeral procession took Kim through the front bus turnaround to see her school and family of classmates for the last time. The whole student body stood outside single file outlining the path of the procession. This was our moment to gather our thoughts and say goodbye to the quiet and shy Kim Pisaturo.

When Kim walked the halls with her head down, I remember always making an effort to say "Hi" or "How are you?" She never had a huge group

of friends, maybe just four or five, and I wasn't one of her best friends anymore. At the beginning of high school, Kim began to distance herself from old friends, but I know she remembered the past and our friendship. Only her close high school friends, myself and a few others remember the funny, outgoing and optimistic Kim. With a black belt in Karate and a talent for amazing writing, Kim was a very unique girl who had seen the world differently. Everyone had to go through this terrible loss of a classmate, but not everyone had to go through the loss of a friend.

A remembrance memorial is showcased to this day in one of the halls of Pilgrim. Inside the case is a copy of her published book, *Crimson Shards*. A month prior to her death, Kim had finished writing the novel, and she had a dream of one day getting it published. Her mother and father, as a Christmas gift that coming year, made her dream come true and published it in memory of their daughter. The family relationship between them is yet unbreakable. Jamie, her little sister, still looks up to Kim, even if she has to look up to the bright Rhode Island sky above her.

On beautiful blue days in first grade, Kim and I and our friends played all sorts of made-up games. For example, at recess we'd jump all around the school yard with our legs closed, like they were tied together, and see who could do it the longest. I remember Kim winning the most—I always lost my balance and my feet would come apart. This and other games we played would not have been the same without her huge imagination and creativity. We had so much fun. Losing such a friend, with memories dating back so many years, made me realize how precious each day is to live and how exciting each moment is to laugh. If she were alive today, she would have moved on to such a bright future including college, where I am now. Kim still has a place in my heart today, three years later. I know her memory and her devastating tragedy will stay with me forever because deep down I know the deadly wheels of that bus shouldn't have taken her innocent life. Kim Pisaturo will never be forgotten, at least not on my watch.

SAUL BASS

A retrospective of work, life, and philosophy
1920 - 1986



Curator: Anthony Cormier
Perfect Mustache
January 2018 - March 2019

Hours: 11am - 5pm
\$5.00 - \$10.00
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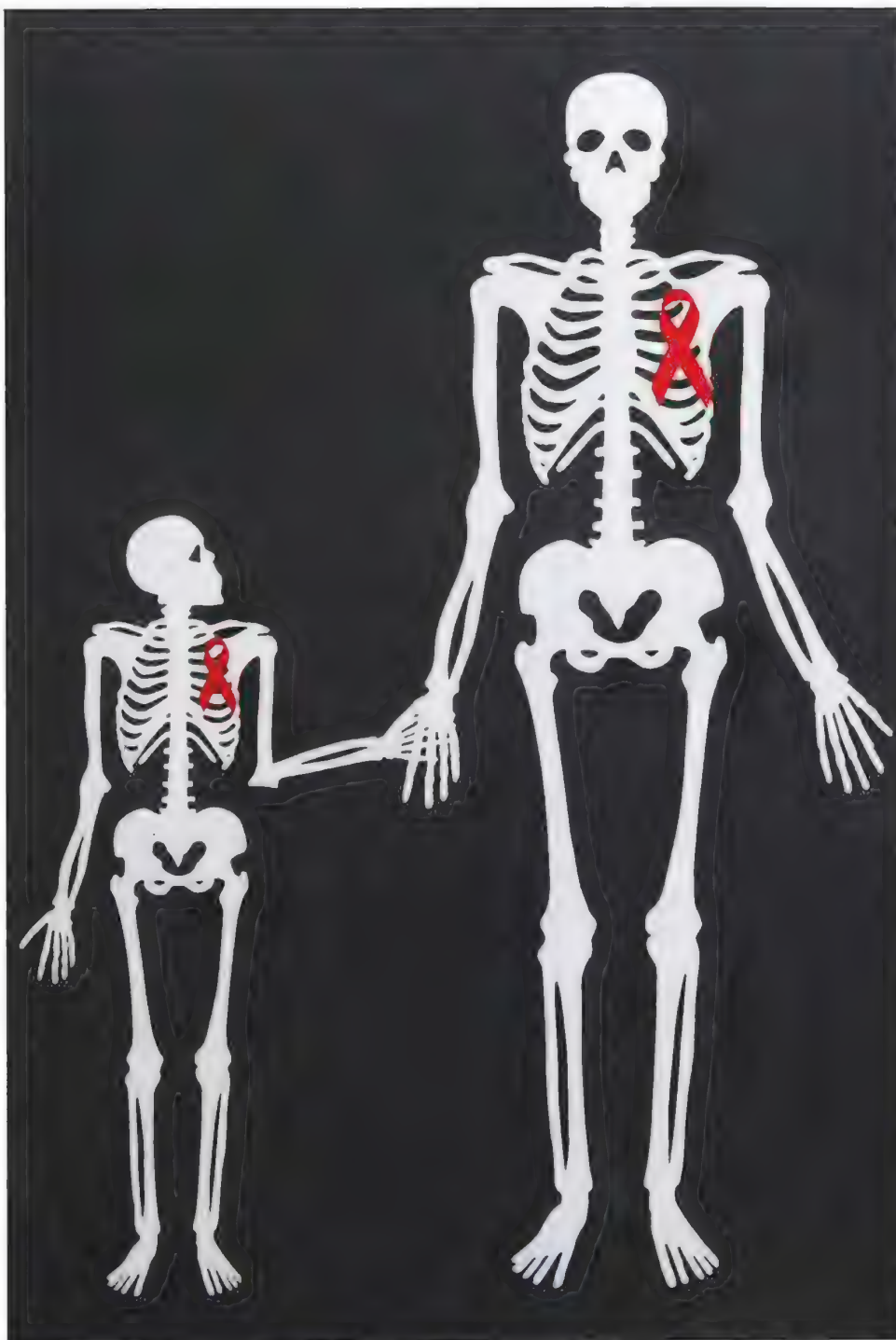
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SAUL BASS

was born on May 9, 1920, in the Bronx, New York, to Eastern European Jewish immigrant parents. He graduated from James Monroe High School in the Bronx and worked part-time at the Art Students League in Manhattan and attending night classes with George Kepas at Brooklyn College. He began his career in Hollywood during the 1940s doing print work for film ads, and he collaborated with filmmaker Otto Preminger to design the film poster for his 1954 film *Carmen Jones*.

Bass once described his main goal for his life sequences as being to "try to reach for a simple, vivid phrase that tells you what the picture is all about and evokes the essence of the story." Another philosophy that Bass described as influencing his life sequences was the goal of getting the audience to see familiar parts of their world in an unfamiliar way. Examples of this or what he described as "making the ordinary extraordinary" can be seen in *Walk on the Wild Side*.

Anthony Cormier, "Saul Bass," Digital Print



Craig Dudley, "AIDS Skeletons," Digital Print

Chapter 3 of a Novel-in-Progress

by Timothy Murphy

Cillian awoke that morning and swiftly left, avoiding any contact with his wife Allison who had not yet awoken. He did not inform the guards where he wished to be taken, simply said that he had vital business to attend to outside the city. He directed the driver who grew more puzzled the further from the city they travelled. The guard in the passenger seat occasionally turned to Cillian and issued a suspicious glare, but soon realized the resoluteness of his demeanor indicated he would not be dissuaded. The window to Cillian's right was a measure of how far the car had travelled. The highway appeared to not lead anywhere in particular, for the changing image outside the window did not yield anything that could be distinguished from what preceded or followed it, the only noticeable disparity being a shift over time from the city to an idyllic tableau of the countryside. As a child, he had spent his summers here, had acquired several of the type of paramount experiences which shape a child as he develops into maturity. There was a time when these basic landmarks—a particular farm, a grassy plain, a small shop, the distant hills—were all locations that were intimately tied to him, distinguished by strong ranges of feeling, and he was always cognizant of where these placed him in relation to the overall environment. Over time, due to his prolonged absence from this setting, or an unwillingness to remember anything about it, these assorted ensigns had been diminished to a series of nondescript features of the land.

He found something comforting about the consistency with which the picture changed, alternating between multiple examples of natural beauty, and he found himself entranced by this gorgeous procession. His mind remained completely fixated on its utter predictability, for in a moment when he lacked all certitude, he sought only events that he could anticipate with some precision. Although his body was perfectly still and his expression composed, his mind had become unraveled. He felt like he was closing in on some heinous congregation, as though he were marching to a scaffold. He did not speak of the nature of their destination or the horrific implications he attributed to it, and it was unimaginable to anyone else that the passing scenery could be interpreted as something as terrible as it seemed to him. He only sat in an attempt to calm himself and exert his attention toward the countryside while the history relating to their destination became more vivid in his mind.

When they reached a dirt road, marked by a sign that read Parker Road, Cillian instructed the men to turn onto it. His demeanor did not change: he appeared rapt and attentive, and he did not lose his composure, nor did he display any doubt regarding their destination. He looked out the window at the expansive fields that fringed the road—a flat terrain covered with long, swaying grass, shimmering in the sunlight and leading to a thick line of foliage in the distance. It had been long since he had travelled this road and he did not recall the purpose of his last visit, for the memory of this past meeting had



Sashie Gilbert, "What Do You See?" Paint and Ink

dissolved into a general emotive impression into which all his experiences in this place coalesced. His reaction was residual from a colossal tragedy, an event that transcended all others in his memory of this setting and had so shaped his perception of this land. Each time he had returned, the same feeling of lonesome disconsolation would arise, but none of these confrontations amounted to the event that had given this place its sinister character. Every impulse within him urged him to retreat, but he knew that he must return, that he still possessed a connection to the setting that would forever bring him back, while bearing the presentiment of a coming atrocity.

The car reached the end of the dirt path, stopping in front of a moderately sized house. It was apparent that the structure of the house was intended to blend with the pastoral setting, but the lavishness of its model seeped through its modest adornments, a vain attempt to conceal the exorbitant price that had been invested in its construction. Its size, coat of paint, and its overall drab appearance were part of a veneer: the wood that looked worn was actually covered with an expensive stain, and the grime that seemed to cover the house was a feature of its costly paint. It was once owned by his father, and its deceptively shoddy exterior was ordained by him. It was remarkable to Cillian that no matter the heights of his father's success, regardless of the pride he felt for his every accomplishment, he seemed to be in a constant struggle to hide who he had become. He did not recall a period in which his father had spent any considerable time in this place; his father had multiple properties that he merely owned and nothing else, as though they were some trifle collectables, widening his range of sovereignty over whatever precious articles he could find scattered throughout the world. His father was never bred to live in quiet solitude, but prospered in the turmoil of a metropolitan arena. And so this property remained dormant, unused, but due to its neglect, it retained its original quality. No matter the time that elapsed between their visits, no matter the trials faced in their lives, the house remained a domicile beyond that feral arena, a refuge in which one could find peaceful reprieve from the turbulent conduct of men. Following his father's death, it was not passed down to Cillian, for he was not the child most intimately related to it. It had been his sister that had always displayed the greatest

affinity toward this place, which was evident in her demeanor whenever she was allowed to come here as a child, and so written in his father's will, the house was explicitly bestowed to her.

He exited the car, ordering that the guards remain where they were until his return. He gazed at the house momentarily, which appeared vacant, derelict, and seemed as though it had long been abandoned by anybody who once inhabited it. A gust of wind now barreled through the landscape creating a howl that seemed to project from nowhere, as though the setting itself had unleashed a strident cry, a warning toward any stranger who wished to advance any further. The events that had unfolded in this place, many years ago, occurring when Cillian was a mere child, had aroused an involuntary impulse of morbid apprehension, not only in his mind but in the depths of his entire body. He began to walk toward the house, but instead of entering through the front, he circled along the perimeter to the back. There was the expanse of a grassy field that led to a thick tree line in the distance; Cillian stood inanimate while the faint visions of early childhood filed through his mind, embellished representations of a time uncharacterized by anything but unbridled joy, a time that seems so pure, so paradisiacal, to any man who is allowed to revisit the stage of his earliest memories.

This moment of fond reunion was soon interrupted, as his eyes gazed in the distance and viewed the idyllic water that was exposed where the grouping of trees became thin enough to see beyond them. Spurred by some bizarre allure, he advanced toward the pond about fifty yards from the house and stopped when his feet were upon the sand that bordered the water. It had been years since he had been in this water, and the memory of it remained vivid in his mind. The dreadful feeling of impending tragedy, of a brush with death, was prefigured in the opaque water. Except for its dark surface that rippled in the wind, the water seemed to be in a state of repose, and seemed in all ways to be lifeless and infertile, a barren pool that would swallow a man if he was unfortunate or foolish enough to dive headlong into it. Cillian was not sure if his perception of it was completely accurate or a product of the terrible role it had played in his early life, so close to the time in which a person's perspective is crafted by a series of rudimen-

tary impressions. There was something infused in the dark waters that Cillian had never articulated, a secret he had never recapitulated in words. The rippling movement of the water seemed to evince something virulent beneath the surface, as though a preternatural marauder of recompense, although temporarily restrained, would someday break through this threshold to collect its most prized bounty.

"Cillian? Is that you?" spoke a voice from afar.

Cillian turned and discovered his brother, Owen, stood meekly in the field. His image seemed to be suspended in neither time nor place, as though he were an apparition, a spectral figure that would never be subject to any noticeable degree of change.

"Owen..."

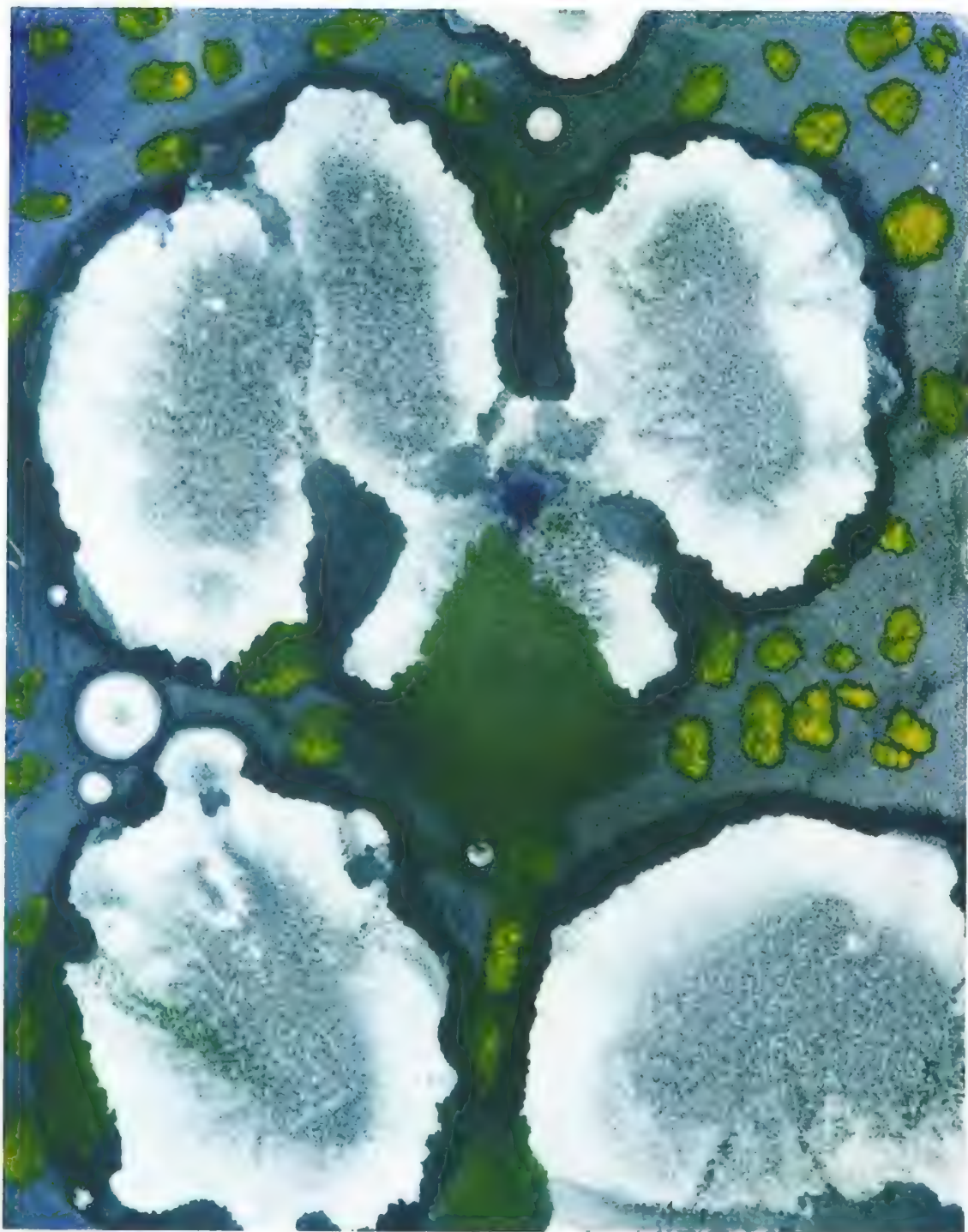
"You mustn't stand so close to the water. We both know how dangerous it is," he warned.

Cillian was not sure whether Owen meant to be sarcastic, or whether in that moment he happened to deliver a statement that seemed laughable given their mutual knowledge. He observed Owen in his current state, a fearful and timid figure with a tenuous frame and a seemingly feckless demeanor. There was an expression of uncertainty permanently etched on his face, and his eyes were in a constant state of disarray, unable to maintain eye contact for any prolonged duration. His features would be perceived as handsome if they were not complemented by a stunning lack of certitude, the patent display of a fragile nature unlikely to assert its will unto the world in any significant way. It was evident that his current demeanor was not one which was bestowed at birth, as his most outward appearance contrasted in every way to the nature of his behavior. It was apparent that his original trajectory had been different, that he was originally meant for the noble path of an eminent specimen. Cillian need not infer what had happened to Owen, for he played an integral role in the dissolution of his spirit. There was a time when Cillian had looked to Owen as an embodiment of perfection, an ideal toward which he would always strive but inevitably fail to reach. There was a time when Cillian envied the lofty position of Owen, the seemingly infallible manner in which he carried himself through any endeavor. As a child, Cillian was once filled with fiery envy, once wracked by the constant parallel drawn between him and his brother. It was evident in his father's expression, to Cillian but no one else, that when he

gazed at him there was not displayed the same excitement that was present with any view of Owen; as much as Cillian refused to admit it, as much as he did not want to believe it, he suspected what animated his father's face and was extinguished when directed at him: pride in recognition of his most cherished son, the symbol of his most excellent progeny.

During his early development, the ceaseless presence of Owen did not only inspire jealousy, but at times inspired him to prove himself in any form, to uncover any evidence of some latent merit that would elevate him beyond his inferior position. The pursuits toward which Cillian would direct his ambition would vary, but the passion he would invest in them would not. His adolescence was defined by a single goal, an objective that carried him from one endeavor to the next: to find a skill which he could perform at a higher level than his brother to earn an expression from his father that acknowledged him as being worthy of praise and admiration. This day did not come. Initially, he did not find himself dispirited by his failures to surpass his brother—whether it was at basketball, chess, academics, or whatever else he chose to attempt—and remained invigorated by a hopeful desire to find this unseen faculty. It became clear to him at a certain point, however, that it did not matter what efforts he exerted, for he simply had not been endowed with the predisposition that fostered the incredible successes of his brother. From the seed of his youthful passion engendered the stalk of envious hate; the personal enterprise that had once inspired him, had once supplied him with a goal through which he had in turn bettered himself, became a yearning that he would use any means to fulfill. As he lost hope, its departure left a gaping void, and naturally, as most individuals in this position come to find, a stay of passionate disdain emerged to fill it. He found himself no longer enlivened by the visions of a grand fantasy, but instead was tortured by the fearsome possibility of embracing his own mediocrity, accepting that his every accomplishment would be a mere shadow of what his brother had already achieved.

He recalled a particular night, shortly before tragedy befell them, that he sat gazing despondently out the window of the room he shared with his brother. He thought of many things, of the dreams and failures that pervaded his mind, his eyes fixated



Katie Giffuni, *"Untitled,"* Monotype print

on the stars and moon. That night Owen awoke and noticed that Cillian had not slept. To Owen, he had appeared in the moonlight as a dark, mournful figure, the result of a mind being at odds with itself, unable to forfeit an ideal and unwilling to embrace the truth. On that particular day, there was a particular statement issued by their father that had so affected Cillian; the exact nature of this comment had faded in Cillian's memory, but it was one of many that emphasized his father's opinion of him. He felt **it best** to be left alone, to not have his meditations **disrupted**, but the voice of Owen spoke from afar, issuing from the dark corner of the room.

"You mustn't spend so much time sulking. You shouldn't care so much about what Dad thinks. 'It is not the action but the manner that defines a person's worth.' I can't remember where I heard that...."

From any other person, a statement of such clarity and sageness would likely provide Cillian with a piece of valuable wisdom, but delivered by **Owen**, it only sent him further into a fit of despair over the extent to which Owen had surpassed him in body and mind. His words, tender and heartfelt, were interpreted by Cillian as a grievous statement intended only to further unravel his mind and increase suspicion of his own deficiency.

At this despairing moment, he gazed at the pond which was scarcely described in the moonlight. He then came to an uplifting revelation. The pond had been present since they were born, but never had Cillian or his brother been in its water, and Owen, who was as strong a swimmer as Cillian had ever seen, had never dared to cross it. Their mother had always spoken of the dangers beneath its surface, of the undergrowth that would swallow them if they attempted to forge through it. No matter what obstacles Owen set out to overcome, no matter what feat he assuredly pursued, he never **attempted to prevail** in a contest with these fearsome waters. Cillian had long abandoned the notion that he could outperform his brother in physical performance or mental acuity, so he opted for something intangible, something not rooted in the limitations of his body. Whatever disparity a man may find between himself and another may be marginalized with the presence of an indomitable will, with a grand and daring leap of the soul. It was at that moment Cillian decided his course: in the morning, before his brother awoke, he would swim

to the other side of the pond, through the dark water, and stand proudly on the sands of the other shore. He sat the rest of the night by the window, sleeping sporadically for mere moments, envisioning his brother awaking just in time to realize his ultimate defeat.

The morning was bright and the air was warm as he approached the shores of the pond. As he gazed at the water, a gentle breeze pushed at his back, as though a mystic character of the land exhorted him to act. He slipped his shoes off, planting his feet firmly in the wet and grainy sand which pressed stingingly against his bare soles. The water displayed the same appearance as it did now, wholly black and rippling slowly, resembling not water but tar or oil, a substance in which a living creature could not remain for any duration. He stood diffidently, aware that what he was about to do was reckless, possibly fatal, but given the alternative, to return to the house with yet another failure, he was willing to accept whatever consequence that would follow. Given the experiences which had preceded that moment, and perhaps even the continual degradation of his own personal regard, he felt death would not be so reviled a solution to his plight. He looked upward to the sun and then afar toward the trees, and with a deep exhalation, he dove into the frigid water. He pushed his body forth, not aware of what lay beyond, his eyes closed and his limbs in a frenzy, his only intention to push onward and not dare to turn back. For a few brief moments, he felt that he neared the shore, that if he kept his body in motion he would soon emerge on the other side. This glimmer of hope vanished almost immediately, for he felt his progress obstructed from beneath the water, his momentum halted by some entanglement, a reticulate web of slender, deathly limbs.

He was now ensnared and unable to free himself, his head sporadically breaking beyond the surface before quickly submerging; as his breaths became increasingly rushed and less pronounced, water began to seep into his mouth and he entered into a state of utter panic. Wailing each moment his mouth met the air, unsure if any of his exclamations were audible, he felt suddenly, and without warning, another presence, a separate figure that was removed from the grip of the undergrowth. Suddenly, he was released and found himself able to swim unhindered. He swiftly retreated back to the shore from which he had previously leapt and, arriving on land, took a moment

to compose himself, inhaling deeply the air while regaining awareness following his frenzied panic.

Upon his arrival on land, he turned back to the pond and realized who was responsible for his deliverance from the grips of the vinous hands. It was not so much a service but an exchange, for Owen now found himself in the exact position from which he had recently escaped. His brother floundered in the water, his exhaustion becoming increasingly apparent in the diminishing forcefulness with which he desperately thrashed. Cillian did not move, and simply observed what was occurring before him. He did not believe, to this day, there were any intelligible thoughts circulating in his mind during those moments, only the certainty that nothing could possibly impel him back into the pond. His father suddenly came from behind him and, realizing the situation, dove in without hesitation. He returned with his son's body, laying him upon the sand and then running to the house to call for an ambulance. Cillian was left with his brother's corpse, or so he believed at the time, for Owen, his skin cadaverous and blue, his eyes vacant, seemingly focused but directed at nothing, appeared in all ways to have died. While reminiscing on this fateful incident, recalling his mindset as he gazed at his brother writhing in the water, he considered a possibility that induced a feeling of indescribable shame. He could not dispel the notion that his reluctance to plunge into the water was not due to his cowardice, but a motive that was far more sinister: he could not help but believe that he somehow wished for his brother to perish in the darksome waters that day.

It turned out that his brother had expired for a few brief moments, and he was observing his brother's body bereft of all life. As it was described to him, frantically by his father while Owen was being resuscitated: "The vine wrapped around his neck! He couldn't breath." He also recalled, following this statement, as his father contemplated the fate of his favored son, he looked to Cillian and asked a simple question: "How did this happen?" Cillian was not sure whether his father had requested a retelling of the events that had transpired or had issued a general inquiry which need not be answered by anyone. Etched in his father's expression while he said these words was general abhorrence, for the world, for God, or as Cillian interpreted it, for his own existence. It took days for Owen to recover, if

recovery was merely regaining his ability to walk out of the hospital doors. It became clear, in his behavior following his release, that Owen would likely never be the same. In the following weeks, his speech became frantic and inarticulate, his posture seemed to droop, as though a great weight was always on his shoulder, and the aplomb with which he had carried himself had perished. It was originally believed, not only by his father but everyone concerned, that this demeanor was a passing phase, some residual yet transitory effect of the trauma that had befallen him. The longer his behavior manifested itself in this way, the more it became clear that he had become permanently resigned to this state, to the disposition he carried to this day. Once this was realized by their father, there was a noticeable change in his attitude toward both his children. It seemed his attention was invariably fixated on something beyond them, a concern that rendered him unable, or unwilling, to treat them as considerable elements in his life. Regarding Owen, this attitude was likely motivated by a torturous pang arising from a constant reminder of how far his son had fallen; regarding Cillian, it was not so much blame but contempt he displayed at the sight of him—contempt for merely being the one who survived. Owen was not the same person that had leapt into the pond that day, for it was clear that his virile spirit had extinguished on the heels of a great deed, like a cinder that flares gorgeously in the night before vanishing forever. The exploits of great men are scattered on a black canvas, burning only for a moment, inevitably displaced in a realm unknown to gods or men.

Cillian felt that the worst was not over, for he was certain that the truth of the events that had transpired that day would eventually surface. He could not have imagined that Owen would not recall what happened and eventually inform his father of what had caused him to plunge into the pond that fateful morning. To his surprise, his brother never spoke of it. Cillian did not know whether this was a conscious choice by Owen, or whether the event had so disrupted his mind that he had no recollection of it. Whatever the cause, the truth was kept between them, a mutual understanding that need not be put into words. To this day, it was not completely known what exactly had been altered within Owen. It was unclear whether it was some physical defect, or it was

simply that he was unable to conjure any resolve following what had happened to him. So everyone who cared about him simply waited for some resurgence of himself, a miraculous moment when he would shed himself of the pitiful nature he had displayed since that day. Owen now stood before him, waiting for his brother to speak.

"You scared me," said Cillian.

"I'm sorry. I was frightened too. Until I saw who it was," replied Owen.

"I know. I should have called first."

Owen's attention shifted for a moment to the pond, then back to Cillian. "What were you looking at?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular," Cillian responded quickly, knowing that this was untrue.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?"

"What?"

"The pond. I like the way the sun shines on it," said Owen, almost with fondness.

Cillian was not sure whether Owen was trying to be ironic or whether he actually did regard the pond in a favorable manner. He looked toward the pond without answering.

"Where have you been, Cillian? I missed you."

"It's tough to get out here. My job won't allow it."

"I understand." Owen looked toward the ground.

"It can be so boring here."

"I can imagine..."

"You can?"

"I wish things were different for you, Owen," said Cillian.

Owen was apparently affected by this comment, shifting his body uncomfortably, before speaking with strained enthusiasm. "I've been learning to play piano. Maeve has been teaching me."

"Is that right?"

"Yeah. It's been hard. I just hate the practicing...."

"Nothing comes easy."

"I guess not.... I have a new job. At a diner down the street."

"That's great."

"I just don't want to mess it up."

"You'll do great. I've always admired you, Owen. You were always the better man."

Owen looked into Cillian's eyes for a moment, before averting them in a frantic manner. He then

gazed at the grass below him. "It's doesn't seem that way..." Owen stated plaintively.

"You have to trust me on that."

Owen's body suddenly became rigid, seemingly unwilling to prolong the conversation any further, and Cillian felt it was best to not continue any talk on the subject.

"Is Maeve here?" asked Cillian.

"She's inside, writing as always."

"I'm going in to see her. Are you coming in?"

"I'll be in soon. I'm just going to stay out here for a bit."

Cillian headed toward the house. Before entering, he turned and viewed Owen standing in the field as the wind circulated around him; his hair fluttering wildly, his demeanor completely unfazed, he appeared an immovable effigy of the restive ferment that swirled in his head, a man at once removed from the passage of time and trapped in the timeless capsule of his own torment. To Cillian, this image stood as a perpetual symbol of longing and sorrow the depth of which most can only imagine.

Feeling it best to not interrupt the tranquility of the house, Cillian opened the back door and entered without making a noise. Although the house appeared to not have been altered in any significant manner, to Cillian, it seemed to have undergone a profound transformation. In repeatedly confronting a place so immersed in dread, whatever horrors lay in the depths of one's mind will be projected unto it, and this place will rarely be the same if the mind envisages a new nightmare. The house was furnished by items that were commonplace, as though the owner merely wanted to fill the space and did not regard their ornateness. The entire design of the house, from the exterior to its drab interior, was the mark of a person that had long abandoned any trace of vanity. The hall was covered by a worn carpet, and scattered upon the surface of various tables, there were trinkets of an antique fashion. It seemed that Maeve, who had been the sole proprietor for years, did not invest any thought into such immediate and tangible things.

Cillian was fairly certain where Maeve was located and tentatively walked down the hall. Reaching the end and passing through a contiguous room, he opened the door gently, in an attempt to make his presence less intrusive. The room was adorned with plentiful windows, allowing the sunlight to be

magnified and dispersed throughout the room. The design of the room seemed intended to augment the favorable conditions outside it, for the windows served as a guard against the dreariness of rainfall but a welcoming arbiter for the beautiful effulgence of the sun. It seemed that Maeve had fashioned this room to fit an ideal, to be a place in which she could isolate herself while tirelessly pursuing her craft.

He stood silently at the door, waiting for Maeve to sense his presence. She was lying on a couch positioned beside the largest window, her eyes fixated on the book she held. Her entire demeanor seemed perfectly serene, as though everything in her life was in order. Cillian knew, however, this was merely a transient state of mind for her. It had always been an ability of hers to find solace in the pages of book, being able to achieve a trance of incorruptible ease amidst a torrent of things uncertain and intolerable. Her black hair was tied in firm knot, with a couple bangs hanging over her forehead, and her clothes loosely fit over her body, a commodious garb that more freely allowed for swift and decisive action. Her features were impressively beautiful, her figure and countenance embodying a wealth of gentle compassion, and her every act seemingly the performance of an angelic will. The way she carried and presented herself contradicted this outward impression, for she had never done anything to accentuate any of these dazzling features, instead fashioning herself in manner to undermine her natural form, as though she had always resented the immediate perception assigned to her. Instead she wished for what inhered within her to gleam forth, a sedulous determination that burned within her and did not allow for her to consider anything but the vital duties she dauntlessly took on. She had pawned the niceties of a comfortable life long ago, receiving the full brunt of her dutiful existence, embracing a life steeped in the disquietude of ceaseless responsibility.

There were copious sheets of paper scattered on a small table in the center of the room. Written on the paper were manifold scribbings, the endless litany that comprised whatever piece she was currently working on. She had always had a gift for writing, a skill which she had spent her entire life honing, working during the lengthy periods in which she would retire to the privacy of her room or staying awake while everyone else slept, enshrouded by the

whimsical shadow of night. Cillian had long ago made the decision to never glance at these pages, to never delve into the unbridled depths of his sister's mind. It became increasingly obvious, as her writing became more elaborate and specific, that she spoke of what she truly felt. Thus her words, particularly the asseverations that spoke of bitter musings, were interpreted by Cillian as a condemnation of things he had done, or failed to do, throughout her life. He could not bear a view of himself from an ingenuous source. Finally, she looked up from the novel she was reading, and tepidly responded with a smile; she finished the paragraph she was reading before placing the book on the table and sitting up. Cillian looked at the cover and recognized it as *Crime and Punishment*. He was certain that this was not the first time she had read it.

"When did you get here?" she asked.

"A few minutes ago. I tried not to make any noise. I assumed you were working."

"You caught me in between."

"I can see that. Whenever you aren't writing, you're reading. You never let your mind rest," said Cillian with a smile.

She could not help but reply with a grin. "Is that a bad thing?"

"It depends what you spend your time thinking about...."

"Everything. Preferably all at once."

They both shared a chuckle. Cillian had always possessed a rapport with his sister that was able to dispel any period of estrangement. He always knew how to make her smile, and it was this ability that gave him comfort as he sat in the chair across from her.

"So what are you working on?" asked Cillian, motioning toward the scattered paper.

"You know I never tell. You'll have to read it."

"It always amazed me..."

"What?"

"The way you can pour your heart out on paper. Giving the world a glance so far into yourself."

Maeve paused for a moment, grabbing a pack of cigarettes from the table and speaking before she lit one up. "You get used to the idea."

"You know those will kill you."

Maeve smiled and gazed at the cigarette. "I'll make a deal. If you can make life any easier, I'll quit immediately."



Victoria Hoffman, "Alphabet," Painting

Cillian smiled. "If only it were that easy."

Maeve glared at Cillian's face while slightly squinting, as though trying to fully measure the scar on his cheek. She had apparently visited him several times in the hospital, but only during the periods of delirium from the medication. He had not yet spoken to her since the event.

"It healed up nicely. I barely noticed it until now."

Cillian reached his hand to his face, and lightly caressed the calloused mark. "Yeah? I sometimes forget it's there."

"That's a good thing. You mustn't worry about it."

His hand remained on the scar, rubbing it vigorously, as though he were trying to grind it out of existence. "Every time I touch it, I think about the moment it was placed there."

Maeve observed the solemnity of his words and her eyes narrowed upon him, feeling that he implicitly called for her complete attention.

"What do you remember?" she asked.

"It wasn't pain. I'm not sure how to describe it. I don't think I felt any of the scars while they were being made. I feel them now more than ever though."

Maeve sat for a moment in quiet contemplation before responding.

"For every tragedy there is something to be found. Just be patient. Something good will come out of it."

Cillian looked up at Maeve. Her posture slightly loosened, becoming less deflective and more vulnerable to the environment around her. The impenetrable shell in which she consistently entrenched herself was rarely broken, and was done so only in the most extreme moments of sympathy; the fact that his pres-

ent state had achieved this rare feat proved that she still cared about him, that his pain was still felt and reciprocated by his beloved sister. He realized that she had nothing more to say, and could now only offer a patient, receptive gaze. Cillian decided to shift their concern away from him, toward someone deserving of such a sentiment.

"How have you been doing financially?" Maeve shot a piercing glare toward Cillian, apparently insulted by the subject. "I know you sold your last book. I just don't know how much you made for it."

"You needn't worry," she replied tersely.

"I know you've never taken money, but..."

"You know I could never take the money." She motioned toward the papers strewn on top of the table. "The only reason I can do this is that I've never taken a handout from anyone."

Cillian was puzzled by this statement, but its sincerity was etched in her face.

"Listen, I understand your stance. I respect it. But Dad intended for us all to get the money."

"I never wanted anything from him."

"But you took this?" said Cillian, gesturing broadly toward the house.

This stifled her for a moment, and she took a stalling drag of her cigarette. "I did. It was a mistake. When I have enough money, I'm going to pay it back. I'm going to give it away."

Cillian scoffed at the notion, at her endless task of remaining self-reliant to whatever degree she could manage. He shook his head and continued. "It's not just about you. How about Owen?"

She became slightly unnerved by the angle this dispute had taken, and this was evident in the harshness with which she replied. "What about him?"

"It's his inheritance too. He hasn't seen a dime."

"What do you suppose he would do with it?" she replied harshly.

"That's not the point."

"I'm taking care of him. What's mine is his. And I don't need anything. To answer your question, I do make money doing what I do."

The major disparity that existed between them in their relationship with Owen became clear and Cillian could not ignore it: she was the one who had invested herself completely and unequivocally in Owen's well-being. Realizing that he had no right to speak to her in judgment, his tone shifted from being

critical to irenic. "You know we could find a place for him. A place where he'd be taken care of," he said softly.

She smiled derisively and spoke as though he suggested a gross absurdity. "I am all he has in the world at this point. I will never leave him."

Cillian paused while he considered her statement.

"I don't want your pride to get the best of you. Promise me, if the time comes, and you need help, you'll let me help you."

She smiled. "If it comes to that, I will call you. Otherwise, we are fine on our own. Trust me on that."

Cillian allowed a moment for a new topic to be breached.

"How is Owen?" he asked.

She shifted in her chair, considering how to accurately answer the question. "He's good. I just found him a job."

"He told me. What does he do?"

"He's a bus-boy. It's perfect for him. Keeps him busy, and he actually loves working."

Cillian smiled. "I suppose he has some of your genes."

"No, he has your eyes. It has always been tough to tell you guys apart," she replied with a chuckle. She then ashed her cigarette into a nearby cup and shifted her tone to speak of a more serious issue.

"He says it's going well, but he did mention one thing. He didn't go into detail, but he said he's been getting a hard time from some of the employees."

"In what way?"

"He didn't really say. I fear it could be worse than he's leading on."

"And what is the manager doing about it?" asked Cillian, with a subdued rage emerging from within him.

"Nothing, I imagine."

A branch scratched against the glass of the window, and Cillian stared at it for a moment before he responded. "I'll take care of it."

"But how..."

"I'll take care of it," he repeated with added emphasis.

Maeve realized how deeply this information had upset Cillian, as though it were some egregious affront toward himself. She could not possibly surmise the reason that Owen's hardships were so closely linked to Cillian, like an appendage that he still felt at

every moment, however far their physical distance at any given time.

"He also said you were teaching him piano."

"I am. It's really hard for him. I just try to keep him busy. It's the best we can hope for."

The muscles in her face stiffened, as though enduring the great strain of trying to withhold an uncomfortable reflex she would rather conceal.

"I didn't tell him about what happened to you," said Maeve gravely. "I'm not sure how he would react."

"That's probably for the best..."

"Things are bad enough whenever you show up here."

"What do you mean?"

She took a drag of her cigarette before responding. "Whenever you come here... after you leave, he starts pacing around the house. He doesn't sleep, doesn't sit still. He never tells me why."

Cillian knew exactly why his visits disconcerted Owen, although he was not aware until that moment what a dramatic effect they had on him. Although it was not clear whether Owen remembered the details of what happened, it seemed he harbored an innate aversion toward Cillian; like a person with a terrible phobia of an unknown origin, he had a vague inkling of his brother being a subject of absolute terror.

"Does he say anything?" asked Cillian.

"Nothing consistent. Senseless rambling, or he doesn't speak at all."

"I see...."

"There is one thing he said once that struck me. The only thing I thought could have any meaning at all."

"What's that?"

"It was late at night once. The night after you had visited one time. I don't recall when. But I heard screaming from his bedroom. I entered, and he was curled up screaming a single phrase. I wasn't sure if he was sleeping. I..."

"What did he say?" interjected Cillian, who could not take the anticipation any longer.

"I'm so cold. Where's the light? Cillian, please..." He may have said a few other things, but those stood out in my mind."

"He said my name?"

She nodded. "That much I am certain of."

Cillian sat pensively, as though in deep contemplation, even though he felt certain what these words

were referring to.

"I couldn't understand it," she continued, "it was the summer, and he was covered in blankets. I shook him and he just blankly stared at me. There was so much pain in his eyes."

Maeve was visibly distraught while retelling this incident, her eyes averting his and apparently gazing at the burning cigarette in her hand. Now Cillian spoke in a hampered voice, as though he were thrusting the words through a firm, resistant barrier. "There's something I never told you...."

He felt a dreadful rush of anxiety within him as his mind split between two contradictory impulses, both of which stalled his initiative due to their incredible parity. From one side, his cowardice exhorted him to remain silent, to avert whatever consequences would follow a frank confession to something he had never put into words. A piece of knowledge so lamentable, being subdued in the mind for so long, deep beneath the conscious level of articulation, will eventually become an inexpressible force that looms beneath the surface, not possessing a distinct form but presiding over the mind like a seamstress sewing the spectrum of one's thoughts into a morbid pall. On the other side was recognition that if he were to tell his sister, even if it would fatally compromise their relationship, he would surely experience at least a slight attenuation of the unrelenting guilt he had never been able to shed. Like two characters engaged in a vehement discourse, these two impulses parleyed in his mind; whenever a side delivered a compelling remark, the other would almost immediately issue an equally convincing rejoinder, and this dialogue went back and forth, with no apparent concession to be had on either end. He felt that he knew what was right, what he must do, but each time he attempted to vocalize anything, if only to open with preliminary persiflage, he felt as though his lungs could not conjure the ability to speak, as though all the excess air in his body had been sucked out leaving only the capacity for his next breath. He looked downward at the book that lay on the table, and spoke a simple statement that only he knew was relevant: "Some-day, we'll kneel down and weep, and we'll understand it all."

"What?" replied Maeve in puzzlement.

"I remember that was written on your wall when we were growing up."

"It still is...."

Cillian arose from his seat. "I have to go. It's good to see everything is going so well."

"You're always so quick to leave...."

"I'll be back soon. I have to find Owen before I leave." Cillian motioned toward the table. "Let me know when you're finished."

"I will send you a signed copy."

Cillian grinned and she did the same. He left the room quietly and began to search for Owen. He reached the backdoor and, realizing that Owen was no longer outside, turned to further inspect the house. He walked down a corridor, stopping at each doorway, while memories associated with each room scattered in his mind. Having not discovered Owen in these momentary glances, he was now certain where he had isolated himself. He turned into one of the rooms toward the end of the hall, and was not surprised to find Owen sitting inert in front of a small table in the center of the room. Cillian was not sure what the exact purpose of this room had been growing up, as it merely consisted of various pieces of furniture, an open floor, and a piano which was rarely used. In the center of the room, there was positioned a small wooden table upon which lay a nicely fashioned chessboard.

Cillian already knew the alignment of the pieces, the possibilities for what would come next, and the strategy he would implement moving forward. He had been pondering the potential conclusion to this game for nearly thirty years. The last time a piece had moved was the day preceding the tragedy, and since that day the chess pieces had been preserved in the same position. There had been several occasions in which Cillian or their mother had attempted to disassemble the board, but whenever anyone even glanced at it with such an intention Owen would wildly berate the offending party and do everything in his power to prevent the game from being disrupted. When he was younger, Owen had always been superlative at the game, and both Owen and Cillian knew he had been on the verge of winning before suffering calamity. Sitting as a reminder to his downfall, a monument to what he once was, these pieces remained dormant, a still-frame of one of the last feats of Owen's former character. Every time Cillian arrived here, Owen would sit in front of the board in solemn contempla-

tion, trying to recall what his next move would have been nearly thirty years before. The answer never came, however, and he would inevitably stare at the pieces in concession, dispirited and frustrated at his diminished capabilities. It appeared that Owen was as hopeful as anyone that he would someday be restored to his former self.

As Cillian sat before him, Owen's eyes did not divert from the pieces. The silence of the room affected Cillian more deeply than anything audible could, for silence in an otherwise unsettling setting will be perceived as an augur of things to come, as though there was merely a moment of quiet amid a tremendous storm. Cillian stared at Owen, whose focus was entirely invested in the pieces. His lips quavered and his hands clenched as he slowly accepted his defeat. He eventually stared vacantly at the board. "I never get to play anymore," he said plaintively.

"I'll try to come more often. I have to leave now though."

Cillian knew this was not the case, as did Owen. It was one of those moments when a spurious phrase is recognized by two or more people, but all are resigned to let it pass, as though it was necessary, as though any comment upon it would be a gross and insulting presumption. Owen muttered something inaudibly to himself.

"What did you say?"

Owen looked up at Cillian with somber eyes. "Did you mean what you said?"

"What?"

"That you admired me."

"Of course. I have no need to lie about that."

Owen's voice became subdued and coarse, for every statement seemed to pull him further into a fit of despair. "I used to know what my next move would be."

"Me too, Owen...." Cillian arose from the chair, leaning over the table and placing his hand on Owen's shoulder. "It will come to you...someday."

As Owen looked to Cillian, his expression lightened, as though a vital gleam had spread across the board. Even though Owen was possessed by apprehension at the sight of Cillian, even though his presence was capable of triggering nightmarish dread, nothing could comfort Owen like the reassuring words of his brother. He wished for Cillian to

return not so much out of missing him, but more so because he longed for the rejuvenating influence of his encouraging words. Regardless of whatever else he felt while being in the company of Cillian, it was irrelevant when compared to the momentary flaring of his spirit dispersed throughout their interactions.

As Cillian left the room, Owen returned his attention to the board, hoping that he would finally devise a move before Cillian departed from the property entirely. As Cillian exited through the back and stood in the field behind the house, with the pond and tree-line in his peripheral vision, the familiar succession of feelings coursed through him: shame, guilt, dread, followed invariable by modest resignation. The mind can take only a certain dose of self-pity before it merely alters its view of the individual's character to match whatever deed inspires these sentiments. Thus, Cillian had long accepted that his path would be reprobate, that whatever was once admirable in him had been discarded for another way, and he knew this was the reason he was so open to neglecting what he knew was right, to approving of what was in all ways contemptible. Cillian felt that all his subsequent mistakes and transgressions were somehow residual of what he had already done in this place so long ago. Once a person has committed the worst offense, having been enticed by an irredeemable lure, the task of sundering this connection becomes a feat only possible for the most formidable men; for it takes far more strength to return to the light after coalescing with darkness, to take a step into the void but make a decision to step back, than to never have embraced the coarser side of the human coin.



Samantha Carr, *"Midnight,"* Monotype print

I Wear The Hooded Cloak of Night

by Laura Williams

I wear the hooded cloak of night
and tuck it at my side
and scratch my hands
in worn pockets, this comfort I've relied.
The night, it is my own compass.
No stars need to align.
But day, it is
my darkest sight. From it I cannot hide.

Vicious Cycle

by Madeline Merenda

JEN - 30's high-strung, attractive lady married to Bill

BILL - 30's tall, scruffy, middle-class working man who is married to Jen

SETTING: Bill and Jen's kitchen.

(The scene opens with Jen in the kitchen standing by the dishwasher. Bill is off-stage watching the football game.)

JEN

Honey!

BILL (off-stage)

Aw, crap.... Yeah!

JEN

Can you come in here?

BILL

Watchin' the game, babe!

JEN

Can you come in here?!

BILL (sighs off-stage) (Pause) Yeah.

(Bill walks into the kitchen and Jen is standing by the dishwasher.)

JEN

What's this?

BILL

That would be the dishwasher.

JEN

I know that, Bill!

BILL

I swear I loaded it before the game.

JEN

Uh, yeah...you loaded it, put the soap in, and didn't press the start button!



Richelle Miller, "Unfaded," Danielle Prior

BILL

Uhh.... Oh, well...I'm...sorry?

JEN

Well, what the hell, Bill! Do I have to do everything? You can't press one damn start button for me?!

BILL

I just forgot.

JEN

Just tell me why. Why did you load it and not start it?

BILL

Jeez, Jen! I don't know, I just forgot, okay?

JEN

Yeah, I'm sure you just forgot to do the simplest part of loading the dishwasher.

BILL

(Sarcastic pause) Yes honey, you're right; you're absolutely right! I saw that dishwasher all loaded, I put the soap in, closed it, said, "Hmmm what can I do to piss off my wife today? Oh, I know! I'm not going to press the start button. HA! This will get her!"

JEN

Oh, that's real nice, Bill, real nice. It's just some big joke to you, isn't it!?

BILL

Honestly, are you okay? Why are you freaking out over the dishwasher?

JEN

Because, Bill! Because this is how it starts. If you forget to press start, what else are you going to forget?

BILL

(In a sweet voice) Jenny. Come here. (He comes close to hug her, but she doesn't hug him back.) I know what this is about.

JEN

(Looks up at him, relieved) You do?

BILL

Of course! You think I'm going to get lazy, and you're going to have all the responsibility around the house. Don't worry, baby. I'm always gonna help out. We're a team, remember?

JEN

(Pushing Bill away) Yeah, right, we're a fucking team! Some team we are! 'Cause I remember things, Bill, important things! (Trying not to cry) Like pressing the damn start button.

BILL

All right! I made a mistake. Next time I'll press the start button. You don't have to get all emotional about it.

JEN

Emotional? Ooh, you haven't even seen emotional, Bill!

BILL

Look, just because I noticed the spots on your shiny new silverware doesn't mean you have to start picking on me for not wanting to be the one to clean them.

JEN

Seems like that's the only thing you do notice.

BILL

What, Jen? Did ya get a new haircut? Did you get your nails done?! Looks great! (He turns away to go back into the living room.)

JEN

(Stopping him) Well, maybe, Bill, just maybe, it's not about the dishwasher. Did you ever think about that!?

BILL

(Raising his voice) I asked you if something was wrong and you said no!

JEN

Don't yell at me, Bill, don't you yell at me! I'm not the one who forgot!

BILL

It's a dishwasher, a fucking dishwasher; it's not the end of the world!

JEN

You are really not getting it, huh, Bill? This really isn't processing in that tiny little brain of yours!?

BILL

Oh, now you're **bringing my intelligence into this?! (pause)** Is this about your dad? Look, I know he doesn't like me 'cause I **don't have some fancy degree from** Harvard like your last boyfriend, but I'm doing my best here!

JEN

No, Bill, this is about you and me and the things that you and me should NOT forget about!

BILL

(Bill stares at her puzzled. He suddenly hits the start button and looks at her.) Happy now?

JEN

(Jen starts to cry.) Oh my god, you don't even care! Do you? You don't even care!

BILL

Care about what?! How many times your mother's china goes through the spin cycle? No, Jen, I don't!

JEN

Spin cycle? Really? Try again.

BILL

Wash cycle, whatever, it's the same thing.

JEN

No, Bill, it's not the same thing! That's like saying an apple and an orange are the same thing! Like today and tomorrow are the same thing! It's not the same thing.

BILL

Are we talking about today and tomorrow, or are we talking about a dishwasher?

JEN

What do you think?



Ashley Buckley, "Untitled," Colograph

BILL

I don't know, Jen, you're really messing with my head right now! I just got home from a long day at work, dealing with other people's appliances. I didn't expect to come home and have to deal with mine!

JEN

Well, maybe if you spent less time with other people's appliances and didn't neglect your at-home appliances, we wouldn't be having this problem.

BILL

Is this about you or the dishwasher?

JEN

You know what, why don't you just forget it? Go back to your stupid sports game.

BILL

Forget what? What am I not getting? What have I forgotten that is making you so mad at me?

JEN

Do you remember when we bought this dishwasher?

BILL

No, I thought it came with the house.

JEN

(Frustrated) Do you remember the first time you broke the dishwasher?

BILL

WOAH, WOAH, WOAH! I didn't break it! If I recall correctly I was the one who fixed it for you.

JEN

Well, can you fix it now?

BILL

How can I fix what's not broken? It looks like it's running fine to me.

JEN

Well, it's not running fine! (Gestures back and forth to show that she means the two of them) THIS is not running fine!

BILL

Clearly!

JEN

So? (pause) How are we going to fix it?

BILL

Ugh! Okay.... Why don't you go get my toolbox... and I can take a look.... (Jen proceeds to walk off stage) at our unbroken dishwasher. (Bill stares at the dishwasher puzzled. Jen comes back on stage with something behind her back.) Did you get the toolbox?

JEN

Nope.

BILL

Why not? What is that? (Bill points to what Jen is holding behind her back.)

JEN

It's the dishwasher.

BILL

What?!

JEN

It's the dishwasher! The same dishwasher we use to clean up our messes every year. And sometimes, maybe, I don't know...once a year, we think: "Hmm should we get a new dishwasher?" but we don't! We celebrate and appreciate the appliances we already have!

BILL

So you bought us a new...dishwasher? And it's in that box? Behind you? That small box?

JEN

No! It's what the dishwasher represents!

BILL (baffled) Cleanliness?

JEN

Bill! I thought we were on the same page here....

BILL

(Bill stops and looks at the dishwasher.) We are!

JEN

So, (pause, holding in her frustration) are we going to talk about this? I mean I really didn't believe you would forget. I should have known.

BILL

Jesus! It's not like...it's not like I forgot our anniversary! It's just a stupid (Bill kicks the side of the dishwasher, causing it to abruptly stop working) dishwasher!

JEN

Really? I think it sounds A LOT like that.

(Jen widens her eyes at Bill waiting for a response. Bill stares back at her in a sudden realization of the whole situation; he sits down on one of the kitchen chairs and smiles to himself.)

JEN

Well?

BILL

(laughing) No, it's just kinda weird.

JEN

What!? What's weird about that?

BILL

Well, I mean, now I have to fix our broken dishwasher, but I never really had to fix us. Considering our anniversary hasn't happened yet.

JEN

(She stares at him considering what he's just said and assumes she's not wrong.) It's happening right now, Bill!

BILL

Is it? That's funny I thought we always celebrated our dishwasher's anniversary on the 24th.

(Bill shows Jen his watch with the date on it. She pauses for a moment, looks at his watch, rubs her forehead, looks back at the watch to make sure she's not wrong.)

JEN
You planned this!

BILL
What?

JEN
You! You planned this! To make me look stupid.

BILL
How could I possibly plan something this stupid!?

JEN
See! You admit you're trying to make me look stupid!

BILL
No! No that's not what I said.

JEN
Then what did you say huh, Bill? I can't believe you would do this to me!

BILL
Look, this is not something I planned! You just can't admit you were wrong and you shouldn't have picked this fight with me. Because today is not our anniversary!

JEN
I can admit I'm wrong, when I'm actually wrong!

BILL
Is today our anniversary, Jen?

JEN
No...but I'm not...

BILL
(Interrupting) No, no, is today our anniversary?

JEN
Well, no.

BILL
So can we drop this? Are you okay? Can I please go back and watch what's left of the game?

JEN
Yes. (He kisses her and goes to leave the room.) Wait!

BILL
What now?

JEN
What about the dishwasher?

BILL
What about the dishwasher?



Taylor Charlton, "Untitled," Acrylic Painting

JEN

It's broken.

BILL

Must you bring the appliances into it every time something is bothering you? What is it? What's wrong now?

JEN

No, nothing. I think it's really broken.

BILL

Aw, crap. I'll fix it after, okay?

JEN

That's fine. (He goes to leave again.) Wait!

BILL

(Bill stays facing the door then looks back at Jen.) What, Jen?

JEN (guilty smile) Are you mad at me?

The Yin and Yang of Flame

by Christopher Wilson

When lightning strikes when the woods are dry
it never bothers to question: Why?
It swallows and consumes all in its wake,
never wishing to give, always wanting to take.
Military men who harness the greed of the dragon's breath,
through war and unrest, bring suffering and death.

Yet this power is willing and able to be restrained,
for in moments of peace that limit can be obtained.
Once, its light was used to brighten the dark.
Even now, the candle lets Cupid make his mark.
Enclosed to warm the body or fulfill one's taste,
it can also be let loose to remove Nature's waste.

In reality, it is a destroyer and a helper to us all,
something we can't control, no matter how strong or tall
we are. Whether destroying wildly or letting time bide
it is at heart an archaic Jekyll and Hyde.
So condemn not the flame. It is Nature in every way,
something we can't avoid and here to stay.



Joanne Mylett, "Desolate Forest," Glazed Stoneware



Brian Gray, "Untitled," Glazed Stoneware

Real Athletes Don't Wear Shoes

by Caitlin Albanesius

Standing on the edge of the slanted block overlooking my competition, my adrenaline has officially reached its highest peak. Concentration is the key to success. Our silicon caps flash the symbol of our mascot, the yellow jacket, reassuring our fans as they sit anxiously in the stands. The six swimmers secure their goggles in unison. Coach offers last minute encouragement and reminds me to keep my stroke long. By this point I can feel my hands trembling from nervousness, and my breathing has increased dramatically. It's an indescribable mix of emotions. Four months of training has lead to this moment of truth.

I manage to catch a quick glance at the official dressed in a white polo. Moments later he states which event is up: the fifty meter freestyle. My reassuring teammates repeat over and over "you got this," but I can barely hear them speaking. "Swimmer's take your mark" echoes throughout the pool, and we wait momentarily for the beep. At that split second it is as if nothing else matters. As the beep sounds, each swimmer lunges forward with all force.

The rush of ice cold water slides fiercely over my skin as I dive into the beginning of my final event. I kick harder than I've ever been able to. My mind is strictly focused on holding my breath, long strokes, and powerful kicks. I force myself to think positively, and even though my head is submerged under water I can hear the hollering cheers coming from my team. With each arm stroke I notice the splashes coming from both the left and right of me. My competitors

and I are driven to outswim each other, and I know that I have to be a threat.

As the end of the pool approaches, I prepare for the flip turn ahead, the most important and crucial part of the heat to assure I keep up. Weeks of preparation and critiquing will mean the difference between my finish and my competitors'. I take my final stroke and flip using every abdominal muscle. My feet plant perfectly on the tiled wall and I push off with all my strength. As my turn is completed, I dolphin kick without taking a breath until the blue line on the bottom of the pool is in sight. Halfway done, and I can already feel my body becoming tired, but nothing can slow me down at this rate.

Finally, I pass the halfway marker, and mentally I know my speed has to increase regardless how exhausted my arms and legs may be. Approaching the finish, I am unaware of how I stand with the other swimmers, but I will end the race strong. Knowing my final strokes will make a huge difference, I charge forward, and my hands propel as my palms strike the lane timer. My body comes to a complete halt, and I lift my head gasping for air. The freezing pool water now feels like a hot tub as sweat drips down my body.

The roaring claps, whistles, and shouts of the fans, teammates, and coaches bring me back to reality. The most challenging event is over. My co-captain rushes to the end of my lane with four others and kneels down to congratulate me. I hold the side of the pool allowing my body to relax. When I finally



Amanda Robinson, "Untitled," Digital Print

regain my strength, I lift my head to check my time. Seeing 0.28 seconds for lane three instantly brings a smile to my face. As the only female swimmer, I am beyond satisfied with taking second. I shake hands with the guys who swam next to me, who also look just as worn out. My teammates hoist me out of the pool knowing all the energy that I put into that race.

Swimming for me is the most individually challenging sport. I love how it pushes me to strive beyond what I think are the limits of my ability.



Sasha Gilbert, "Untitled," Charcoal, 2019.



Amber Caplan, "Eye Remember," Black and White Photography



Samantha Carr, "Untitled," Drypoint

A Tale of Three Published Poets and Some Open Mic Readers: A *Curry Arts Journal* Editor's Review

by Danielle Roy

Every day we walk around campus, looking at people as we pass them, not knowing the things they are capable of or the talents they possess. After attending the poetry reading in the Student Center on April 12, 2012, I've become a little more aware of some of the talents that are on this campus.

The first poet was Curry professor Gabrielle Regney. She shared four of her own poems, all of which were filled with great quotes like: "The moon has bullet holes in her face;" "You think you can't die, because if you could, you would have," a true statement for many young people; and "The tornado sets you down. Here you get to know miracles." I really enjoyed how she spoke of serious, dark, and painful things, like coming of age and addiction, but related them to something so loved and innocent as the *Wizard of Oz*. Through her poetry, you could really feel the emotion of her writing and understand the message and story she was trying to convey.

The next two poets, although not from Curry, also shared some really good work. Michael Alleman spoke a lot about divorce and meaningful places in his home state of Louisiana. One poem in particular spoke of a crush he had on a girl, and how he was almost obsessed with her. He spoke of how he loved watching her breathe and that while doing so she told him, "I want to die." To which he responded, "Keep breathing." I felt this spoke a lot about the connection between suicide and how one feels about oneself. Although we may not think we are worth anything, or that we aren't important or making a

difference, someone else may think the world of us. The third poet, Daniel Asher Wolkow, spoke a lot about daily life and struggles and had more of a comedic approach to his poetry. His poems were fun to listen to and a nice break from the heaviness of the others.

The poets that were the most impressive, though, were the students. All of their work was so well done. Although some of the work had been submitted to the journal, it was like hearing a totally different piece when the author read it himself. One poet who I felt did an exceptional job was the last poet, Kenny. He spoke about overcoming obstacles and trying to break free from where he came from to go somewhere else in life. Some quotes of his I really enjoyed were: "How you choose to judge me, you've never been me;" "Cracked a book open, looked to plan my escape;" and "The strength of one became the strength of many." I felt these quotes really let the audience into his life and the difficulties he's been through. Kenny and the other student readers who did not submit their work to the *Curry Arts Journal* most definitely should.

The poetry reading was a great way for people to share their work and for others to become aware of what Curry students and professors are capable of. It was also a great way for young poets to be able to speak with published poets and ask them questions and learn from them. More people should attend events like this so they can see the great things their peers and professors are doing.



Samantha Clapton, "Blue Elephant," Glazed Stoneware

The Sweetness of Doing Nothing

by Samantha Hardy

In America the word “development” is often associated with success. We Americans have been taught that to progress in life, we must constantly be improving ourselves and our environment. For example we convert meadows into athletic fields to remind us to better ourselves through sports, into offices to ensure we are always working, and into construction sites to make sure we can continue building. We often don’t realize that this drive to develop is accompanied by sacrifices: succeeding in life becomes more important than spending time with our family, enjoying a once in a lifetime experience, or simply having fun. Taking the time to enjoy life leaves us feeling unproductive, and this has taken away Americans’ ability to relax and appreciate nature. In our rush to have nature conform to “our” idea of advancement, we have come to view free time as wasted time and spend our days in a state of restlessness and anxiety.

Today is spring. Thoughts are racing through my head; the stress is seemingly unbearable: *Will I have enough time to complete my homework and go for a run? I need to start preparing for next week’s speech. I forgot to email my boss back; I’ll have to do that before I start my homework. How am I going to complete all of these tasks and use my time as productively as possible?* Taking time to relax and watch TV is completely out of the question; it will not benefit me and make me successful. Like many people in American society, I often keep myself so busy that I forget to appreciate the world around me. I forget the sounds of the birds chirping or the river flowing, the colors of the leaves when they change or the comfort you can feel when being alone in nature.

As Americans, we have all been asked (I’m sure many times): *What have you accomplished in your life?*

We strive to be able to answer this question without using the unacceptable word, *nothing*. Our language reflects this drive *to do, to change*, to control our beliefs, our motivation and our world. “And so it is that field has crept increasingly into our language as a means of describing a specific area of cultivation, albeit of culture or the mind: the field of anthropology and a baseball field share in common the task of drawing each one’s adherents into a dedication to its unified purpose” (135), Barbara Kingsolver writes. Expanding on Kingsolver’s observation, I think we too share a similarity to a baseball field, because our culture has made us feel we must find our own purpose in order to make our lives worthwhile. Are we meant to be students, managers, cooks, doctors? We find a way to label ourselves to feel valuable. To ensure we live up to these labels, many of us have committed ourselves to a profession above all. We remind ourselves to stay productive, forgetting the importance of uncultivated time and the benefits of simply doing nothing. This idea we have of progress perhaps needs to be understood in the way Swiss philosopher Jean Gebster views progress: “Progress is not a positive term, even when mindlessly construed to be one; progress is also a progression away, a distancing, and withdrawal from something, namely origin” (Lauer 318). If we believe that progress is moving away from our origin and that this is necessary to keep progressing, then what is left of nature, what is left of the self?

To explore the heart of this question, let’s look a little closer at the origins of the word “meadow:” “[the term meadow] is used to either denote a ‘nature’ (uncultivated) meadow or one planted to enhance the presence of particular flowers or to discour-

age the invasion of others" (Hampl 224). It is land that hasn't been touched by our industrialized minds. Many of us believe that meadows are wasted space. I am not considering myself an outsider looking in, I use the term "us" for a reason. I am very much a part of this thinking. As I drive by an empty piece of land, I think to myself, *What a nice place for a soccer field*, or *I wonder what they're going to build there*. Before, I never viewed this thinking as problematic, now I am starting to question it. Why does this land have to be productive? We look at land and think, *how can we put it to use?* We don't realize that just because the purpose is not visible doesn't mean there isn't one. If people take the time to experience meadows, then their purpose may become clearer. Sometimes we tend to think of ourselves as separate from nature; however, we are very much a part of it. That is why empty land is so special. It doesn't have to have one single purpose; it can serve whatever purpose we want it to. We can use it to go for a refreshing swim, to go for a walk down an old dirt path, or just to do nothing.

Norwegian philosopher Arne Naess believes we are so focused on what is next that we forget to enjoy the moments that we are in. He says, "We are always in such a hurry as if we are always on the way. But I say we are here, completely here" (Griffiths 15). In our constant multi-tasking, we Americans have become distracted from our real lives and from the moments that tell us who we really are. We forget to do the things that make us happy, such as watching our favorite movie, sitting around the dinner table with family, or going on a trip with friends. We work so hard to be able to attain these moments, yet we let them slip right by or feel guilty that we have them. People just need to slow down and, as Naess puts it, "enlarge on moments that have value" (Griffiths 15). We need to understand that doing "nothing" can be our most productive time.

Italians have learned to do this. They call it *dolce far niente*, which translates to *the sweetness of doing nothing*. Italians and others around the world are able to see that doing nothing is in fact doing something. Doing "nothing" is enjoying your life. They make this saying a part of their daily lives. They allow themselves to just live in the moment without feeling like they are doing something wrong (Kaufman 27). Meadows give us everything we need to be able to experience *dolce far niente*. Everything is provided for

us, the animals, the trees, the smells; it's all there just waiting for us to fully experience it.

Today is spring. I've decided to spend my day at a meadow. The only thought going through my mind is how relaxing it is here. The sound of the birds chirping, the squirrels playing and the leaves rustling beneath their feet is so peaceful. I'm just lying here letting the sun reflect off my skin and feeling the warm wind flow through my hair. With the wind I feel a sigh of relief, like nothing else matters except for this present moment. It's incredible how nature can allow me to step out of my busy life and remind me that I am not a machine, I am a human, a human who is part of nature. And as a part of nature, I can just be.

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Brian Gray, "Liquid Bowl," Glazed Stoneware



Vanessa Jeanniton, "Green Serene," Glazed Stoneware

The Meal For Me

by Avery Struthers

If more of us valued food and cheer and song above hoarded gold, it would be a merrier world.

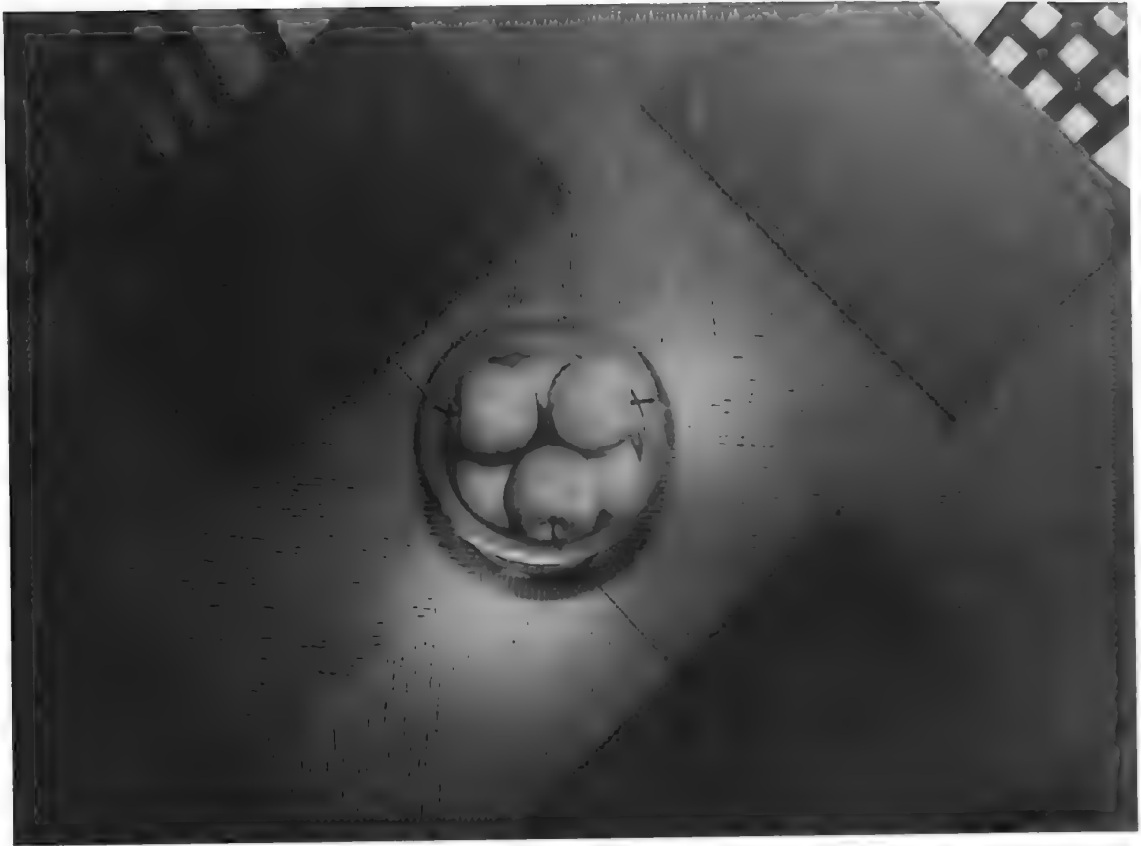
— J.R.R. Tolkien

I am finally here: 95 Sarnee Place, Stratford, CT; AKA my Mema's (pronounced Meema's) house. Upon entering this beloved home, the smells are just overwhelming: stuffed shells, Aunt Marybeth's hair, Mema's Lancôme, and if it's summer, the fresh scent of an outdoor activity. My brother Ryan will be lecturing about the home-run derby the cousins were playing, about rules and how someone cheated him; of course, my cousin Olivia has that sour face on, while texting something scandalous to who knows who. If Rachel, my oldest sister, is there, which is rarer than I eat my steak, well, she'll demonstrate an attitude similar to Olivia's. But past the sour faces, we know they care. Mom is definitely snapping at the little kids to sit down and tell her what they want on their plates. Uncle Glen is inevitably doing something ridiculous, singing or rapping some Notorious B.I.G. to nearly knock my hysterical self off my fancy dining room chair, a privilege I have earned with age along with a real glass plate and real silverware. The kids are screaming and bouncing around on their folding chairs like little chimpanzees, for no reason but pure fun, and throwing, biting, or

talking to their paper plates (this is why you upgrade with age). I will look down the table at them and smile.

This moment will be ruined when my younger sister Mary and I catch eyes, exchange nasty comments, and both turn back around to our little worlds within this larger world of Mema's table. My cousin Glenny is just cool, sitting there like a pimp. Lizzy, another of my sisters, is calm in her motherly way as always. Ryan's continuing lecture is definitely starting to eat at me now. Aunt Marybeth and Aunt Kathy are still gossiping about the latest updates in Connecticut, whether it be that car crash on the way here or so-and-so's new hair color. This is my mammoth, intense, out of control, crazy, beautiful family gathered around the most beautiful white linen clothed table I could ever imagine. This is a family meal.

The crowd will fall silent when Mema enters the room as if the opening curtain has lifted, her crystal blue eyes illuminating with love for the family that fills her dining room. She will put down the final dishes: meatballs, shells, green beans, or whatever it is she has cooked to perfection tonight.



Lauren Chiavaroli, "Apples to Apples," Black and White Photography

We bow our heads as she says grace for our food and family. With the final "Amen," an unheard shotgun seems to go off, and we dive in.

This is a meal. This is my meal, my treasured family time that I long for on snowy days like today: I wish I could hug Mema and get a big ol' whiff of her scent. I want to see my cousin Nate play with the flames of the appropriately colored tapers for such a meal. The women will scold him. Then he'll do it again, no doubt. I wish I could hear Lizzy's voice asking, "If you're done with that [scrap of whatever food on your plate]..." It's funny because she'll always lie and tell us she is not hungry. But we know she always is. A meal to me is not just food. It's not just some part of my day or my nutrition, or something I have to

do before I can go out. A meal is a sit-down family event. It's sharing great food with the people I love, and nothing, **nothing** can keep me away from this time with family.

Did you know one out of five families in America today eat dinner together only rarely or don't eat together at all (Smith)? It's the little things like this that fill me with fear, as if the plague is coming or a terrible war is upon us, because from booster to big girl seat, at least I always had a place at the table. No matter where, who, what, but certainly when, if you are a Pangrac (Struthers at my house), you are granted that seat and you join in the life at that table. Around the family table, most of my life has come together and continues to unfold.

Going to my Mema's house for this scrumptious feast tops all birthday dinners, fries from McDonalds, or even a date with the most handsome man of my dreams. Her meatballs, the coveted tradition (which will be taught to me when I start a family), are the most delectable meatballs in the world...or so all thirty-plus family members feel. I cannot and do not think I will ever be able to eat meatballs made by any other than my mother, Aunt Marybeth, and Mema. The day's work of slaving over the hot stove to prepare such a delicate tomato sauce and such seasoned, perfected meatballs is something I cherish and have utmost appreciation for. We all have that comfort food that we can really taste the love in. The sight of Mema in her white and pink apron, the smell of fresh tomato sauce and salad in the air, the sounds of Mema scolding us for sneaking meatballs or the salad's olives before dinner, and most importantly, this fulfilled feeling. This meal never fails to bring me to that place inside of complete content. When I am away, I long for this feeling of love, comfort, warmth, and happiness; I long for family.

This is why meals make up my life's most valued memories. It's unfathomable that so many children in the U.S. experience so few, if any, of these types of dinners. To never hear the laughter of cousins, brothers, and great uncles? To miss Uncle Philip's lecture about the wart of lies on Obama's nose? To never finally get that glorious smile out of Olivia? It's awful to think that so many miss out on experiencing such things and that instead 20% of families in America order take out and eat in different rooms every single night (Kiefer). If I could, I would bottle up my cherished feeling and share it with everyone, because it is just that significant to the life I live.

Statistics show that eating regular family meals improves test scores, promotes peace within the home, and increases quality bonding. And more importantly, sitting down to eat dinner with family just three times a week can drastically lower the chances of drug and alcohol abuse, depression, and abuse within the home (Kiefer). Food is pretty powerful stuff. It not only brings people together, but allows them to reap endless benefits beyond this togetherness. How often does a mother hear her child's worries and concerns if she never sees that child? How can you connect with your oldest sister who lives a whole other life from you without a time and chance

to talk? Communicating at the dinner table, especially Mema's, has without a doubt brought my family to the closest point it can be. These meals are my food, cheer, and song. And without a doubt they bring more merriment to my family than hoarded gold ever could.

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Courtney Chase, "Bridge with Reflection," Black and White Photography

Puddle

by Dan Kessel

Holes eating holes, hidden in still water,
I peer over the edge and blankly fall.
Lost in reflection, I ripple and distort,
clouded by shadows dancing on my heart.
Guide me, oh celestial, cleanse me of this crud.
Take me and embrace me, never let me go!
But the light never comes, and I sit alone,
dark and dreary, in my infinite home.



Sarah Leopold, "Untitled," Acrylic on Record Jackets



Samantha Carr, "Mirror," Digital Print

When I Write with My Eyes Closed

by Dan Kessel

I write with my eyes closed and still see, the words may appear on the page but they start in my mind, and it is within my mind that I see, and even with my eyes closed I can see the page because the page is in my mind and my mind is where I write when I write with my eyes closed.

It's fluid, with ease and freeness, with my eyes closed I am not stunted and prohibited by the mistakes that are not yet mine, the mistakes that are not concrete or in stone. I have the means to correct, to repair that which is not yet done.

While I write with my eyes closed I am in a gentle and forgiving state, without the pestering of angry red monsters or green slime machines or the shy sly blue-eroos, none of them bother me when I write with my eyes closed, and my thoughts seem more solid, ideas more formed, theories more firm so I may grasp ahold and ride them like a great wave pummeling my senses of reality, unlike when my eyes are open and they dissipate.

When I write with my eyes closed everything is in place, even when out of place, it finds its way to where it belongs. I can relax, wander, roam, drift off into the depths of conception, the space that conscious mind dreams of, where wishes touch wishes.

When I write with my eyes closed I reach beyond the veil and pull out handful by handful of inspiration, even during the times of stillness and silence, there

is always something there tending to the seedlings stretching for light.

When I write with my eyes closed I fall down a hole, a hole that may have the occasional rabbit, but not a hole of theirs, a hole of mine, and it's not really a hole, it's a space to fall and never hit the ground, where I fly through the rot of complexity, through debris of recollect and memory, misconception and perception alike, and as they swarm wildly in vaporous typhoons I catch the glints of insanity writhing within me.

When I write with my eyes closed I lose myself.

When I write with my eyes closed I understand.



Abigail Michaud, "Untitled," Mixed Media



Sarah Leopold, "Untitled," Watercolor Painting

Contributors' Notes

CAITLIN ALBANESIUS

Originally from the small town of Winchester, Connecticut, Caitlin Albanesi is currently a sophomore majoring in Nursing. Eventually she hopes to become a Pediatric Oncology Nurse. This career has been a dream of hers since she was just a little girl. At Curry, she is an active member of Student Ambassadors, which has allowed her to become involved on campus. Writing has always been one of her passions.

CHELSE BODREAU

Throughout high school, Chelsie Boudreau was not a strong writer and did not enjoy writing essays. She was nervous when she entered her first college English class but decided to keep an open mind. As a result, she started to enjoy writing and reading more and thought to herself, "This could be a new beginning." She has many goals that she wants to achieve through her college career. She has hopes of becoming a nurse some day and helping people of all ages. She is an athlete and enjoys cheerleading and playing soccer.

ASHLEY BUCKLEY

Ashley is a Graphic Design and Visual Arts major from West Roxbury, Massachusetts. She enjoys creating her own art pieces and experiencing new art forms wherever possible.

AMBER CAPLAN

Amber Caplan is a sophomore Communication major, Studio Arts minor from Boca Raton, Florida. Although she does not know exactly what her career will be, her goal is to help people in the world to communicate better; art is one of her tools. She likes photography, drawing, singing, dancing, and hanging with friends.

SAMANTHA CARR

Samantha Carr is a visual and graphic artist majoring in Visual Arts and Graphic Design. She loves all different forms of art and aspires to be a high school art teacher and freelance graphic designer.

TAYLOR CHARLTON

From Salem, Massachusetts, Taylor Charlton played football for Curry during his senior year and graduated in May 2012 with a degree in Visual Arts.

COURTNEY CHASE

Courtney Chase is a sophomore from Easton, Massachusetts majoring in Psychology with a minor in Studio Arts. Her career goal is to become an art therapist.

LAUREN CHIAVAROLI

Lauren Chiavaroli is a nursing major from Weymouth, Massachusetts. As a hobby, she loves taking pictures. Lauren says of her *Curry Arts Journal* photograph "Apples to Apples," "I look at these apples every day on the kitchen table, but never knew how famous they would be."

SAMANTHA CLAPTON

Samantha Clapton is from Canton, Massachusetts and has been involved with art since high school. She hopes to become an art therapist because she believes art is very therapeutic.

CANDACE COBUZZI

Candace Cobuzzi graduated in May 2012 with a BA in Graphic Design. She also double-minored in Applied Computing and Studio Art. She wants to create art with varying degrees of style while adapting to whatever inspires her next.

ANTHONY CORMIER

Anthony Cormier is from Cranston, Rhode Island. He graduated in May 2012 with a degree in Graphic Design and hopes to one day become a full-time designer at a design firm in Boston.

CHRISTOPHER DOLAN

From Hanover, Massachusetts, Christopher Dolan graduated in May 2012 with a Communication degree. Some of his interests include writing and performing music and filmmaking. His dream is to one day establish his own production company in the New England area and make full-length independent films.

CRAIG DUDLEY

From Biddeford, Maine, Craig Dudley completed his studies at Curry in Graphic Design in May 2012.

KATIE GIFFUNI

From Long Island, New York, Katie Giffuni is a Visual Arts major with a minor in Psychology. Her goal is to combine the two and become an art therapist one day.

SASHA GILBERT

Sasha Gilbert is from Santa Fe, New Mexico. About his *Curry Arts Journal* portrait, he writes: "I have always loved doing portraits. This piece was [the] first portrait I had ever completed." He hopes to one day be the cover artist for *ImagineFX Magazine*. He also wants to create a book of his own art.

BRIAN GRAY

Brian Gray is a twenty-three-year old transfer student working to achieve a degree in Health and a minor in Management. He currently works as a firefighter E.M.T. Originally from Medway, Massachusetts, Brian did most of his growing up in Brockton. During high school, he began creating metal sculptures for fun. He would have to say his inspiration for art came from his older sister, Denyse Walker.

SAMANTHA HARDY

Originally from Pepperell, Massachusetts, Samantha Hardy is currently a senior at Curry. She is studying Psychology and minoring in Communication, with a concentration in Corporate Communication. Samantha is also the goalkeeper for the Curry women's soccer team and a member of Army ROTC; she will be commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant upon graduating. She hopes to one day work in an Army Medical Center and be a psychologist for post-combat soldiers. When she has free time, Samantha likes to spend it with her family of seven.

VICTORIA HOFFMAN

Victoria Hoffman is from Round Lake, New York, right outside of Albany. She is a Graphic Design major with a minor in Visual Arts. Besides art, she enjoys cheerleading for Curry.

VANESSA JEANNITON

Vanessa Jeanniton moved from Orlando, Florida to the Boston area in search of a better education, and Curry sparked her interest. Since graduating from Curry in May 2012 with a degree in Community Health, her career goal is to work with pregnant women during and after their pregnancies. She also loves to spend time with friends and family.

DAN KESSEL

Dan Kessel seeks truth and sense, to understand and teach the wisdom he gains, and to remind those who have forgotten the intuitive nature of the mind.

TAYLOR LARESE

From Durham, Connecticut, Taylor Larese graduated in May 2012 with a Graphic Design major with a minor in Visual Arts.

SARA LEOPOLD

From Palm Beach Gardens, Florida, Sara Leopold graduated in May 2012 with a Studio Art major and a double minor in Communication and English.

CAITLIN LUQUET

Originally from Walnut Creek, California, Caitlin grew up making art with her brother who is now an artist. Her goal is to make more art and to one day teach art.

MADELINE MERENDA

From Winchester, Massachusetts, Madeline Merenda received a Communication degree with a concentration in Theater in May 2012. She has acted, directed, and written shows for the Curry stage.

ABIGAIL MICHAUD

From South Portland, Maine, Abigail Michaud completed a Graphic Design degree in May 2012.

RICHELLE MILLER

From Burlington, Massachusetts, Richelle Miller graduated in May 2012 with a Graphic Design major.

TIMOTHY MURPHY

Timothy Murphy is a senior at Curry College and is majoring in Philosophy and minoring in English. His greatest influences are John Milton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Quentin Tarantino, and Stanley Kubrick.

JOANNE MYLETT

Joanne Mylett attended Curry as a Continuing Education student and graduated in May 2012 with a degree in Psychology. She plans to continue her education by seeking a Masters of Education with a focus on Special Education. A lifelong resident of Dorchester, Massachusetts, Joanne lives there with her husband of seven years and their two sons, ages six and three. Her ceramics class was her first experience using clay and she truly enjoyed every minute of it.

AMANDA ROBINSON

Amanda Robinson graduated in May 2012 with a degree in Graphic Design.

DANIELLE ROY

Danielle Roy graduated this past May with a major in Communication and served as an editor for *Curry Arts Journal 2012*.

EMMA SIEWERT

Emma Siewert graduated this past May as a member of the Class of 2012.

AVERY STRUTHERS

Avery Struthers is a junior Nursing major.

COREY J. THEODORE

Corey J. Theodore is a Biology major and serves as the Executive President of Curry's Student Government Association. He is an English minor, and his poem "Away from this Place" was inspired by the works of Alexander Pope.

LAURA WILDER

Laura Wilder graduated in May 2012 with a degree in Graphic Design.

LAURA WILLIAMS

Laura Williams doesn't write as often as she would like, but when she does her creative writings take on the forms of poetry, short stories, and children's stories. This is the first time she ever submitted any of her writings for print. Laura graduated in May 2012 with an English degree.

CHRISTOPHER WILSON

Christopher Wilson is a senior English major.

KAYCEE WOOD

Kaycee Wood is a Nursing major from Warwick, Rhode Island.

Curry Arts Journal Practicum

For students interested in working on the *Curry Arts Journal*, the English Area offers *Curry Arts Journal* Practicum I and II, ENG 2540 and ENG 2545, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1 p.m. Students may enroll in both courses to earn three credits per semester and six during the academic year. Participating students experience a range of responsibility that influences the journal's content, including contacting students concerning their submissions, arranging and holding workshops with student authors, selecting work for publication, editing final selections, and planning events.

Curry Arts Journal Submission Guidelines

All Curry students are invited to submit quality poems, short stories, essays, script excerpts, and artwork on paper for consideration by a student/faculty panel. Submission deadlines occur at mid-term and at the end of the fall and spring semesters. Up to three submissions per person per semester will be reviewed. Each submission must be accompanied by a submission form. Forms are available in the Student Center (ask at the Information Desk), Levin Library, the Academic and Performance Center, Hafer and Kennedy Academic Buildings, and the Faculty Building. Please staple a completed form to each submission and include your name on the back of the work. Do not include your name anywhere on the front of the piece (with the exception of artwork). Prose pieces must be double-spaced. We suggest that you have your literary pieces edited and proofread by a faculty member or an Academic Enrichment Center tutor before turning them in to the *Curry Arts Journal*.

Submissions can be sent or delivered to the *Curry Arts Journal* mailbox on the first floor of the Faculty Building. If your work is accepted, you will be notified ASAP and asked to send us a MS Word formatted email attachment of your entry.

For more information, please contact Karen D'Amato at kdamato@curry.edu. We look forward to hearing from you!

Thank you

The editors of *Curry Arts Journal* 2012 would like to thank the following supporters for their generous commitment to this edition:

The Academic Dean's Office

The Fine and Applied Arts Department, Visual Arts and Graphic Design Areas

The Humanities Division, English Area

The Publications Office in the Office of Institutional Advancement

and especially The Student Activities Office

The following faculty members were indispensable to our process and product:

Laurie Alpert

Jeannette DeJong

Jeanette Eberhardy

Dorothy Fleming

Sandy Kaye

Iris Kumar

Jeannette Landrie

Lori Lubeski

David Miller

Gail Phaneuf

Elizabeth Strasser



SPECIAL THANKS TO CASCADES INC.

and David Elovich for donating the paper for the Curry Arts Journal.

The *Curry Arts Journal* is typeset using Bembo, an old style serif typeface revived by Stanley Morison for Monotype Corporation in 1929, and Frutiger, a sans-serif typeface designed by Adrian Frutiger in 1968. The journal is printed on 80# Rolland Enviro 100% recycled uncoated text, and was printed and bound at Acme BookBinding Co., Inc. in Charlestown, MA.